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SUPPLEMENT

INSIDE

NEW YORK COPS STORM GAY BAR



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'Indiscriminate Beatings' Leave 12 Hospitalized

Cops Stage Violent Attack on New York Bar

By Bob Nelson

NEW YORK — In an unprecedented display of force, midtown police trashed a black gay bar on West 43rd Street on Wednesday, September 29, beating bar patrons "indiscriminately" and laying waste to the premises.

According to the manager of the bar, twelve people required emergency care and were taken by ambulance to St. Clare's Hospital on West 51st Street. The gay community has reacted in shock to the

violence, and activists met on October 5 to plan a demonstration and to demand an investigation of the event.

"It was about five minutes before the cover charge, about 11 p.m.," said Louis, the security guard at Blue's, a bar at 264 West 43rd Street. "About ten cops came in. They had guns drawn and their clubs out. They told people to step away from the bar, and they started throwing bar stools around. They told everyone to stand facing

the wall at the back of the bar, and they just started beating people. They were shouting that two cops got jumped in Times Square, and that we were to blame." Asked whether the beatings were indiscriminate, the guard replied that they were. Between 30 and 40 people were in the bar at the time.

GCN observed the premises at Blue's the day after the incident. Piles of broken bottles and glasses, along with an overturned cash register, were heaped behind the bar. Mirrors, light fixtures, a pinball machine and a jukebox had been smashed. The glass in the deejay's booth was cracked, with records and sound equipment inside in disarray. In the back of the bar, a pool table was turned on its side. Bloodstains, still slightly sticky to the touch, lined the paneled wall behind the pool table.

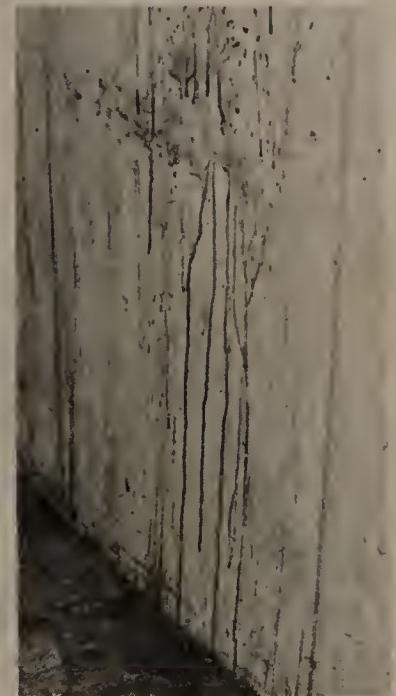
Several angry but frightened witnesses showed up Thursday afternoon to tell their stories to writers and activists gathered at the bar. There was general agreement on the nature and severity of the beatings, though estimates of the number of police involved var-

ied. "There was a mob of cops," said Lagana, the alternate deejay at Blue's. "It looked like 20 or 25 to me. They were busting people in the head and shouting, 'Don't be beating on no cops!' You could hear them rumbling over the music."

Roland, the bartender that evening, told GCN that "they had us line up around the back of the bar, with our hands up on the wall. They turned the lights up and started beating people for no reason. They pulled out our ID's and took our money. Anybody who moved got hit. And they were shouting, 'You want to fuck with cops? We'll show you how to fuck with cops!'"

Clyde, the bouncer, said the police left after about half an hour, backing out into the street. "We waited until the streets cleared up before we let people out," he added. "And the ambulances were right there, almost like they planned it. Cops have been here before, but it's mostly on false alarms. They come in, but they never find anything."

Added bar manager Lew Olive,



Bob Nelson

Blood stained the walls of Blue's after the police attack.

"On his way out, one cop threw down a round of bullets and told us they were faggot suppositories. He said they'd use them if they had

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News Commentary

Gay Divisions: From Blue's To the Waldorf

By Bob Nelson

NEW YORK — On the East Side, about 800 well-dressed men and women, most of them gay, had just finished their dinner of walnut pate, veal roast and wild rice in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. They relaxed over coffee and mints, listening to nationally prominent politicians praise their generosity, then were entertained by a glittering array of Broadway stars. After the program, the owner of Studio 54 invited them to continue the evening as his guests at the disco.

On the West Side, about 40 blacks — gay men, women and transvestites — were indiscriminately beaten by a platoon of cops screaming obscenities and splitting heads open. While disco music continued to pound through the loudspeakers at Blue's Bar,

batons started swinging in unearthly syncopation. Barstools, glasses, records and personal belongings were hurled into the air as blood spurted onto the honey-colored wood paneling behind the pool table. "We'll show you how to fuck with cops!" shouted the avengers.

The juxtaposition of these two events a few short blocks apart on the evening of September 29 illustrates the problems and divisions that the gay and lesbian movement still faces, divisions that are endemic to American society. The more optimistic activists in the gay movement had dreamed that Stonewall had opened up a new vision of what it means to be human, that an outside viewpoint uncontaminated by the materialism that drives America was

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NGTF Director Valeska Resigns Under Pressure

By David Morris

NEW YORK — After several weeks of turmoil, Lucia Valeska has agreed to resign from her position as executive director of the National Gay Task Force (NGTF).

Valeska's decision to resign follows what some members of the NGTF board of directors have described as a "kangaroo court"

held by a "lynch mob" of other board members who, their opponents say, were intent on ousting Valeska in order to replace her with a new director who would align NGTF with the Democratic Party.

Ginny Apuzzo, who is currently director of the Fund for Human Dignity and has long been active in the Democratic Party, has been suggested as Valeska's replacement. The Fund for Human Dignity is the fund raising branch of NGTF.

But Valeska's critics claim instead that under her directorship NGTF has suffered serious management problems and that relations with other gay organizations, specifically Gay Rights National Lobby, were poor and were not improving. Board member Bill Rogers of Oklahoma City said, "If I had to say any one thing that was not satisfactory to me about Lucia it was her inability or refusal or failure to establish direction and priorities."

Valeska, whose resignation takes effect on November 1, could not be reached for comment.

The current controversy over Valeska's performance as director began at a board meeting held in Dallas last August in conjunction with the National Gay Leadership Conference. Called initially to discuss other matters, the meeting was dominated by criticism of the keynote address Valeska had delivered at the Leadership Conference. Board member Joe Tom Easley of Washington is quoted in the Washington *Blade* as saying, "Lucia's speech was certainly a disaster for NGTF. It was a disaster because of its content. Here was the opportunity for NGTF to set out its plan of action, and to engage and stimulate local leaders to join in the struggle. But most of the speech was anecdotal and at times embarrassingly *ad hominem*."

A motion to fire Valeska was

introduced by board member Jose Gomez at a meeting held over the Labor Day weekend. At that meeting, Valeska and the staff she had brought into the organization defended her directorship against criticism made last February, when the board discussed renewal of her contract. At the February meeting, board members renewed Valeska's contract and gave her a six-month probationary period in which to correct what they perceived as shortcomings.

At the Labor Day meeting, board members Karla Dobinsky, Barbara Weinstock, Barbara Love and Betsy Hess withdrew officially from the meeting when the resolution to fire Valeska was introduced, leaving only 10 of the board's 20 members, less than the quorum needed to vote on the resolution.

Board member Barbara Gittings of Philadelphia told GCN that had the resolution been voted on, Valeska would in effect have been fired by the eight members favoring it, that is, a majority of the meeting but a minority of the board.

Frank Kameny, a board member from Washington, said those seeking Valeska's ouster "went through as many of the motions as it was necessary to do to appear as if they were acting decently when in fact they were acting obscenely."

Kameny said the resolution to terminate and the "campaign of unconscionable harassment" that followed the Labor Day meeting constituted a "carefully orchestrated and coordinated effort" to rid NGTF of Valeska.

But Bill Rogers, who supported the resolution, said Kameny's claim "is not only untrue, but it has no foundation in anything but idle rumor and gossip and paranoia."

And Larry Bagnis of Houston, another board member

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A number of demonstrators picketed outside the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York on September 29 while ex-Vice President Walter Mondale delivered his keynote address during the First Annual Human Rights Campaign Fund Dinner. The \$150-a-plate dinner raised over \$100,000 to be donated to the campaign funds of congressional candidates supporting lesbian and gay rights. "In all matters that do not affect the rights of others," Mondale declared, "every citizen must be left alone by our government."



Bob Nelson



News Notes

murder awakens gays, leftists

ROME, Italy — Last spring, Roman gays took to the downtown streets to protest the murder of a member of their community, Salvatore Pappalardo. The murder had "awakened" gay men from a stupor of indifference to increasing violence against them, according to an article by Francesco Gnerre in the August issue of the *Torino* journal, *Lambda*.

Gnerre describes the May 15 demonstration, attended by more than 1,000 lesbians, gay men and leftists from all over Italy, as "perhaps the beginning of a new phase in the first for gay liberation."

At a follow-up meeting the next day, leaders of non-lesbian, non-gay leftist groups spoke in support of lesbian and gay rights. Although their words were "rhetoric that we'd heard before," wrote Gnerre, "it is these people that give a sense of hope that society is



not divided between heterosexuals and homosexuals, but between people who believe in a free expression of sexuality and those repressed heterosexists who accept a stupid security based on a norm which makes them grey, sad and murderers."

"Few heard their words, however, since the meeting was poorly attended. In his column, Gnerre criticized members of the general leftist population for their cowardice and warned them that "their fear of disturbing their Catholic and male sexist sensibilities risks making them into a silent majority."

Gnerre continued, "It's not surprising that more people don't go into the streets [when a homosexual is murdered] because the culture transmits by means of families, the church and schools a heterosexist message. In the end, the person who killed Salvatore only applied to the letter what he'd been taught."

The writer also assailed city officials for refusing to cooperate with organizers of the meeting. "They are saying to us, 'Demonstrate. Speak. But don't flaunt it. For two days we have given you the streets and the squares. Now you return to your ghettos and the darkness of your bushes.'"

what's this department coming to?

HOLLYWOOD, CA — A policeman here was recently suspended for a week without pay for insulting a gay man who said he visited the station hoping to improve relations between police and the gay community.

The incident occurred on February 17, when Arthur Weinger introduced himself to Officer Rodney Sieg as a member of the Gay and Lesbian Police Task Force and said he had an appointment to accompany a sergeant on patrol in his cruiser.

Weinger said Sieg, a ten-year veteran who was manning the front desk, said he had never heard of the Task Force, then turned to a fellow officer and said, "What is this department coming to when the criminals are telling us what to do? Next they'll have prostitutes and child molesters riding along and advising us. I mean, they're minorities, too."

Weinger hailed the suspension as a "step forward" for lesbians and gays.

Sieg, who will lose \$500 in pay as a result of the discipline, may sue the department to have the suspension overturned on constitutional grounds, Sgt. Daniel Graham told the *Los Angeles Times*.

line forms to the left

BOSTON — GCN is having a benefit performance on October 30 of the highly acclaimed *New Rise of the Master Race*, a play written and directed by Maxine Klein with music by James Oestereich.

The play, which enjoyed a successful run here last year, is a series of vignettes employing drama, comedy, music and dance in which the authors "take on the powerful and privileged in a fast-paced blend of mystery, humor, music and grand theatrical style." It is a play well-suited to the time and one which is both thought-provoking and entertaining.

Tickets are \$8.00 and are available in Boston at Glad Day Bookstore and in Cambridge at New Words and Redbook. Mail orders will be accepted up to 10 days prior to the performance date by writing to GCN, 167 Tremont St., 5th Fl., Boston, MA 02111. If mail ordering, send money order along with a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Buy early, buy often and help out GCN.

rural queers meet

MCKENZIE, TN — Lesbians and gay men have formed an alliance with others in neighboring small towns in the rural area to "promote communication, education and equal rights for gays."

A spokesperson for the new group, the Northwest Tennessee Equality Council (N-TEC), said he would be happy "just to get people together in this area to at least talk about our common problems. More than anything right now we need a sense of community, a time and place where we can come together and not feel totally isolated."

The area is located within a triangle formed by Memphis, St. Louis and Nashville. The nearest gay bar is in Paducah, Kentucky, some 45 miles from the Tennessee border. There are no other gay groups or organizations in the area despite the presence of a state university in nearby Martin. The number of gays among the 5000 students there "would alone support a fairly large gay organization," the spokesperson told *Gaze*, a Memphis lesbian and gay newspaper.

"There are hundreds — if not thousands — of lesbian women and gay men in these small towns, but their political representatives never hear from them. Some of them don't think any gays live in Tennessee except in Memphis and Nashville."

N-TEC can be reached in care of the Memphis Gay Coalition, Box 3038, Memphis, TN 38103.

ex-dodger comes out

SAN FRANCISCO, CA — For the first time in the history of major league baseball, a former star has talked openly about his homosexuality.

In a profile published in October's *Inside Sports*, Glenn Burke, 30, talks about the pressures he experienced while a player for the Los Angeles Dodgers and claims that his sudden, mid-season trade to the Oakland A's resulted from the discovery of his homosexuality by Dodger executives, a claim which has been corroborated by several former teammates.

Six years ago, one of Burke's coaches predicted he would be "another Willie Mays." Unable to withstand the pressures of closeted life, Burke left baseball four years later. He is now the pride and joy of San Francisco's Gay Softball League.

invaders slink away

SEATTLE, WA — Pro-abortion forces carried the day at the Women's Health Care Clinic on "Invasion Day," so named by anti-abortionists who had planned to show their strength nationwide on that day.

Shouting, "Hey right wing, you better run, you better hide — women are united on the other side," over 250 women picketed in a circle around the clinic on September 18, warding off the anti-abortionists who circled in several cars around the clinic. They never emerged from their vehicles.

"I guess they got our message," said Betty Maloney, an organizer of the demonstration. "Women in Seattle will not be intimidated into giving up our most basic right — the right to control our own bodies."

Abortion foes had pledged to sabotage 300 clinics across the country on "Invasion Day."

majority oppose discrimination

Fifty-five percent of registered voters now favor a law that would prohibit discrimination against homosexuals in housing and employment, according to statisticians from Penn & Schoen Associates who conducted a survey in August.

Of the 1000 registered voters contacted nationwide, 34 percent opposed such a law, 11 percent were undecided.

The data indicate that support for lesbian and gay rights is strongest among higher income voters and younger voters. Sixty-six percent of voters with annual incomes above \$35,000 favored extending civil rights guarantees to homosexuals, as did 61 percent of those in the 18 to 34 age bracket and 60 percent of those aged 35 to 40.

A majority of those registered as Democrats favor offering lesbians and gays protection against discrimination (57 percent favor, 32 percent oppose). Among Republicans polled, 49 percent said they would support such legislation, 43 percent said they would not.

The poll also indicates that lesbian and gay rights is the least volatile of the "social issues" raised by the New Right. When presented with a list of several issues on the New Right's agenda, including abortion, gun control, prayer in public schools and homosexuality, and asked which of these would be most important in determining how to vote, only three percent chose a candidate's stand on lesbian and gay rights.

Abortion appeared to be the most emotional of the issues mentioned, with 30 percent of those surveyed identifying it as the most important of the social issues.

first american iga meeting

PHILADELPHIA, PA — The first meeting of the American section of the International Gay Association will be hosted by Philadelphians on October 30 and 31 at the Gay and Lesbian Community Center.

The American network includes members from 13 Canadian and U.S. groups as well as groups in Jamaica, Mexico, Venezuela, Surinam and Brazil.

Among the items on the agenda are "Internal education around global consciousness within our movements," "taking part in IGA-supported actions including the International Year of Lesbians and Gays," and "the establishment of a People of Color Secretariat, and outreach in Latin America, Asia and Africa."

For information, contact Giovanni's Room, 345 12th Street, Philadelphia, PA 19107.

harassment, coercion lead to discharges

MILLINGTON, TN — More than 40 women stationed at a navy and marine base here have been harassed and investigated by military officials who suspect the women are lesbians, and as many as 17 women may have been discharged, according to an attorney with the American Civil Liberties Union of Tennessee.

A group of women contacted the ACLU last June to complain that they had been harassed since March by officials from the Naval Investigative Services (NIS), a civilian agency within the Social Security Administration.

The women reported that NIS officials threatened to discharge them or inform their parents of their lesbianism if they did not sign statements incriminating other women. One "Jane Doe" added that she signed several false statements harmful to other women under these conditions.

Many of the women were told their discharge papers would be coded "SP" for "sexual perversion." This was "an idle threat," said an ACLU attorney who preferred to remain anonymous. No one is required to cooperate with NIS, the attorney said, and the circumstantial evidence of visiting a gay bar is not an act of lesbianism and, therefore, the action is subject to appeal. Furthermore, neither the military nor NIS can legally expose an individual to her family or to unwanted publicity, and due process of the law requires that NIS evidence be constitutionally obtained.

Several discharged women said that male instructors at the air traffic controller school commonly exchanged grades for sexual favors, and the women felt they were suspected of being lesbians because they had rejected these advances, according to *Gaze*, a Memphis lesbian and gay male newspaper.

Members of several activist organizations speculated that the harassment is an attempt to purge women from the base, where 300 women are stationed along with 10,000 men. The local chapter of the National Organization for Women condemned the investigation and discharges as "discriminatory persecution of women in the military and a serious abridgement of the civil rights of Lesbians and Gay men... Such activities evidence a 'witchhunt' mentality which has at its core a deep-seated hostility toward women in the military."

The NIS did not investigate any of the enlisted men, according to Col. Frank Heins, outgoing commanding officer of the Marine Aviation Training Support Group-90. The reason for this, Heins speculated, is that there are no gays on the base.

Warren Shadko, a special agent in charge of the investigation, told *Gaze* that NIS officials threatened no one.

Immediately after the ACLU began probing the cases for possible civil rights violations, the charges against a number of women were dropped.

gay games on tv

SAN FRANCISCO, CA — A television documentary of the first athletic games for gay men and lesbians will be released to cable television companies and public broadcasting systems this month.

The show includes footage of the torch-bearing ceremony and basketball, body-building, soccer, swimming, diving, wrestling, tennis, volleyball, softball, track & field and cycling events, a disco rally in Kezar stadium and "some of the most stunning men and women of all age groups the world over," says Al Talley of Walter Rowen Associates, the producer of the program.

The documentary also features celebrities such as authors Rita Mae Brown and Armistead Maupin and entertainers Tina Turner, Pamela Brooks, Bob Bendorff, Meg Christian and Sylvester.

A one-hour VHS or Betamax version of the show is available for non-commercial use for \$49.50, including shipping, from Walter Rowen Associates, 157 Duboce Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94103. A foreign version will be distributed early next year.

Massachusetts House Passes Sex Toy Bill

By Larry Goldsmith

BOSTON — The Massachusetts House of Representatives voted on October 4 to pass without debate a new obscenity law under which only doctors, psychologists, judges, prosecutors and police officers will be permitted to buy "sexual devices" in retail stores.

H. 6675, which now goes to the Senate for consideration, would also allow cities and towns to use zoning ordinances to control the location of pornographic bookstores and movie houses and would narrow the focus of contemporary community standards

of obscenity from the statewide to the county level.

Rep. William Keating (D-Sharon), a supporter of the bill, told *GCN* the proposed law would allow local communities greater control over the location and appearance of so-called "adult entertainment" businesses. Keating, who is running unopposed in his bid for re-election this November, represents a district including the town of Stoughton, 15 miles south of Boston. Residents of Stoughton last month lost a bid in U.S. District Court to close the Times Square adult

bookstore following a nationally-publicized community protest.

Keating said the ban on sexual devices, which prohibits the dissemination of "any artificial human penis, vagina or anus, or other device primarily designed or intended to physically stimulate or manipulate the human genitals, pubic area, perineum or anal area," was principally aimed at "cutting away at the profits" of the bookstores. Sale of the devices at home sales parties or through mail-order houses would still be permitted.

The U.S. Supreme Court has

ruled that pornography enjoys protection under the First Amendment subject to "contemporary community standards of obscenity," but, Keating said, it has also upheld a Georgia statute restricting the sale of sexual devices, an indication that constitutional protections do not extend to the devices.

Asked if he thought the ban would have a significant impact on bookstore profits, Keating said: "Not really . . . It's just that this case came to our attention . . . It's one way of having at least some focus on the retail part."

Karen Hudner, a spokesperson for the Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts, decried the ban. "We think the whole business of regulating obscenity is utter nonsense anyway. The state ought not to be telling people what they ought to read or view," she said.

Hudner added that the definition of "sexual devices" might pose problems of interpretation and that the present definition might be used to prohibit the sale of contraceptives.

State Rep. Thomas Vallee (D-Boston) told *GCN* the ban is "a silly and ridiculous area for any sort of state regulation . . . I think it violates not so much the First

Amendment as it violates the restraint of trade laws."

Hudner also expressed disapproval over the shifting of community standards of obscenity from the state to the county level. "The present state law is a good compromise," she explained. "You get a good broad definition of obscenity and also better law enforcement."

Under existing law, the obscenity of a book or a film is determined and censorship is enforced at the state level. The proposed statute would require each of the state's 14 counties to make determinations and carry out enforcements for themselves.

Valley said he saw no serious problem with the shift in standards, but added that "the more you decentralize it the more parochial you get with the First Amendment and I'd be careful of that move."

The bill was hurriedly passed by the House on a voice vote with no debate. One source told *GCN* that legislators were eager to pass the bill before the November 2 election. The legislation now moves to the Senate, which will take up the matter some time after it resumes its formal sessions on November 8.

Three Convicted Of Murdering Gay Men

By Larry Goldsmith

CAMBRIDGE, MA — First-degree murder convictions have been returned in the cases of two men who were killed in separate incidents this year and last. The charges carry an automatic sentence of life in Walpole state prison.

On September 29, a Middlesex County jury found Arthur (Butchy) Brown and Kevin Roach guilty in the stabbing death of editor and part-time radio announcer Carl Lobig. Lobig was found dead in his home on March 4 (see *GCN*, Vol. 9, No. 34).

On October 2, a jury rejected a defense of insanity and found Randall Trapp guilty of murdering Woburn High School art teacher Lawrence Norton at his home in Stoneham, Mass., on May 8, 1981 (see *GCN*, Vol. 8, No. 43).

The trial of Roach and Brown lasted two weeks and the jury returned its verdict after only six hours' deliberation. Testimony at the proceeding revealed that the defendants had stabbed Lobig more than 40 times, then had stolen his camera and his car. Both defendants received concurrent 9-to 10-year sentences for the car theft and 10- to 15-year sentences for armed robbery.

Lobig had met and befriended his attackers at a gymnasium in the Combat Zone, Boston's red light district. Roach and Brown, both originally from Canton, Mass., had more recently lived in the

streets of the Zone. Brown's sister, Mary Whitty, testified at the trial that Lobig had been helping her brother with an alcohol problem.

Asst. Dist. Atty. Phyllis Broker argued for the verdict of first-degree murder on the grounds that the defendants had met the three criteria for that offense: extreme atrocity, premeditation and the fact that Lobig was killed during the commission of another felony, armed robbery.

A jury deliberated for more than 20 hours before reaching a verdict of guilty in the case of Randall Trapp. Trapp's attorney, Frank Marchetti, had argued that his client was not guilty because he had suffered brain damage and emotional abuse and was probably insane at the time he committed the crime.

According to one courtroom observer, Marchetti was generally homophobic during the trial, at one point asking a witness which "faggot bars" he frequented. The question caused a commotion in the courtroom, and Judge Rudolph Pierce summoned Marchetti to the bench for consultation.

Evidence presented at the trial revealed a bizarre chain of events and motives leading to the murder. Trapp's wife, who is bisexual, had had affairs with other women, including Trapp's sister, and frequented Buddies, a Boston gay bar. Trapp, who was angered by his wife's lesbian relationships, often went to the bar looking for

On the night of the murder, Trapp, his wife and his sister went into town for dinner. When Trapp's wife left the other two to go see another woman, Trapp became upset and asked his sister to drive him to Buddies. Trapp went into the bar carrying a butcher knife he had found in his sister's car, intending to pick up the first man he could find, go home with him and kill him. Lawrence Norton, it seems, had the misfortune to be that man.

Norton's landlord, Donald Hutcheson, who lived upstairs, testified that he was awakened about 2:30 a.m. by noises in Norton's bedroom, but had gone back to sleep. Hutcheson said he was later awakened by the blood-soaked Trapp, standing over him with a bloody butcher knife. Trapp forced Hutcheson to the latter's car and attempted to kidnap him, but Hutcheson managed to escape and summon help from a neighbor. Trapp fled in Hutcheson's car.

GCN talked with Hutcheson several days after the verdict about the murder and the trial. Hutcheson said he is looking for ways to work to change the insanity defense. "That it could be pleaded, that bothered me," he said. "Just because this guy hated gays does not mean he could murder one. Evidently the jury felt the same way."

The effect has been, and unfortunately continues to be, rampant discrimination against gay people, involving the loss of jobs, denial of housing and anti-gay violence that has resulted in injury and

Did You See?

The following letter to the editor was published in the New York Times for September 3, 1982:

To the Editor:

In his Aug. 30 column, "Presumption of Guilt," William Safire discusses a topic which rarely makes it into print at The Times. The topic is homosexuality.

Mr. Safire correctly states that homosexuality seems to be the current smear tactic being used against officeholders and others. While his diagnosis of the problem is accurate, his prognosis bears some scrutiny.

It is unfortunate that one's sexual orientation should become a political issue, as Safire points out, but gay people have always known that being gay is a political issue, whether they want it to be or not. Why? Because a majority of non-gay people cannot or will not accept or tolerate a non-conforming sexual minority.

The effect has been, and unfortunately continues to be, rampant discrimination against gay people, involving the loss of jobs, denial of housing and anti-gay violence that has resulted in injury and

death to countless gay people. Yes, being gay is a political issue, Mr. Safire.

I find it ironic that he should shed crocodile tears for Terry Dolan, chairman of the infamous National Conservative Action Committee (a.k.a. Nickpack). It seems Mr. Dolan is being accused of being a homosexual, and Mr. Safire thinks this is outrageous. It is unfortunate that it should come to an issue, but I find it ironic that Mr. Dolan, who has specialized in campaigns of smearing, half-truths and innuendos, should find himself similarly victimized. Poetic justice?

As a gay person (and that is gay without quotation marks), I share Mr. Safire's concern over the political use of homosexuality. Perhaps if our society chose to be more honest and discussed issues like homosexuality in the open, more people would be less afraid of it.

I commend Mr. Safire for his concern and suggest that he lead a consciousness-raising session at The Times. The subject: journalistic homophobia.

Richard Drezen
New York, Aug. 30, 1982

missing taillight and teeth

SAINT PAUL, MN — Two gay men here have filed formal brutality complaints against Minneapolis police in separate incidents, according to *Equal Time*, a lesbian and gay newspaper.

Blaine Wesley lost one tooth, had four others broken and his mouth split when an officer struck him on the face with a flashlight during a routine traffic stop, according to Wesley. He was driving home from a gay bar at 1 a.m. on August 29 when police in a paddy wagon pulled him over, allegedly because a taillight was out on his car.

"Before I knew it, the officer that was driving the wagon came to my side of the car . . . took his flashlight and slammed me in the mouth before asking any questions," Wesley wrote in the complaint.

"Then I went into shock for a couple of seconds. Then I realized I had a mouthful of teeth . . . I started to scream, and the officer opened the door and threw me to the ground."

In an earlier incident, Joseph Rickett suffered a head wound requiring ten stitches when he was pulled from his car and hit by a police officer with what Rickett described as a "sap" — a weapon made of lead shot sewn in a leather cover.

Meanwhile, County Attorney Tom Johnson announced he will not seek charges against the four city officers who injured John Hanson and Rick Hunter in a New Year's incident outside the Y'all Come Back Saloon, a gay bar.

Also, charges against Pat Wacker, a gay man jailed for posting *Out and About Theatre* announcements, were dropped after Wacker decided to contest his arrest.

march on washington again

WASHINGTON, DC — A second march on Washington for lesbian and gay rights and a national lesbian-gay strategy conference have been scheduled for April 23 through 27, 1983.

The newly-formed National Activists' Union of Gays and Lesbians (NAUGL) is planning the events "to stimulate grassroots community organizing and bring three demands to the nation's capital: the passage of a comprehensive Gay-Lesbian Civil Rights Bill, the defeat of the 'Family Protection Act,' and the reversal of anti-gay/lesbian immigration policies."

Members of the NAUGL steering committee, meeting at the Dallas Gay Leadership Conference in August, decided to set a date for the national action after judging the response of gay conference participants. As in the case of the first lesbian/gay march in DC three years ago, some political figures are expressing reservations about the ability of such demonstrations to influence Congress and the administration. Nevertheless, NAUGL members feel the lesbian and gay movement has a lot to gain from the national convocation. NAUGL member Kirk Baster explained, "We hope to see the march and conference participants galvanized into a permanent network of activists working in local NAUGL chapters and other existing organizations on several projects, including a continued campaign for the march demands and an effort to delineate a comprehensive strategy for sexual law reform."

For information, contact Baxter at 3637 E. Monterosa #12, Phoenix, AZ 85018, or call (602) 957-1663 or 254-4179.

News Notes

cops beat black lesbian

NEW YORK, NY — Three cops beat and arrested a 26-year-old lesbian in Washington Square Park on September 20.

Robin Porter whispered a remark to a friend about police using a nightstick to choke a man sitting on a park bench. The three turned to bystander Porter and demanded her ID. She produced six pieces of identification, according to witnesses, but the police responded that these were not enough.

The cops then beat her on the head, shoulders, arms and legs with their nightsticks, according to more than 15 witnesses' reports gathered by volunteers at the scene of the attack. Some testified that cops continued to beat Porter in the back of the patrol car.

Porter was later taken to the hospital with multiple contusions and hemorrhaging in her left eye. Her arms still bore marks from the tight handcuffs.

The attack took place in the southwestern corner of the park where many young black and Latin lesbians and gay men get together.

Witnesses followed police to the sixth precinct station. Police came out and began insulting and intimidating those gathered, according to a report in *Workers World*.

Community Voices

Our new address is:

**167 Tremont St.,
5th Fl.**

Boston, MA 02111

If we are on your mailing
list, please update us to this
address.

next year

Dear GCN:

I was unhappy when I discovered in the morning mail that Rock Against Sexism's birthday disc party was going to be held on Erev Yom Kippur, the holiest night of the Jewish year, and the one time of year even ordinarily non-observant Jews attend services. Unintentional, I'm sure. Nevertheless, very insensitive scheduling.

When scheduling an event this time of year, please check your calendars, everyone.

Next year I hope to celebrate RAS's birthday.

Yours,
E.J. Graff
Somerville, MA

they did not participate in the lobbying process. While GLID friend Jerrold Nadler travelled from Albany to testify for the bill, Gary Sinosky certainly wasn't to be seen. Now they oppose gay rights supporters and ignore gay rights opponents.

Third, Ms. Azulay claims that Carol Greitzer is "lukewarm" in her support of gay rights. She can only cite a single incident of 1973 to support this claim. The actual record should be clear for gay voters. Greitzer has been a sponsor of the gay rights bill for nine years, and her support has been steadfast. Along with only three other council-members she attended all of the meetings with gay leaders in planning strategy for the introduction of the bill. At the hearings, she was one of the most aggressive challengers of those who publicly opposed the bill. Furthermore, Greitzer's support of gay rights goes far beyond her help on the bill. She has appointed more Lesbians and gay men to Community Planning boards than any other city council member. She supported the candidacy of Bill Thom, a gay man, for judge, when the only other councilmember to do so was Jane Trichter. In several cases where gays have been the victims of violence, she has diligently moved to get a proper supportive response from concerned city agencies. When delegates were chosen for the Democratic National Convention of 1980, Greitzer supported a gay man, Allen Roskoff, for delegate when most public officials turned their backs on the numerous gay candidates. She has helped to keep the Women's Center open when the city has threatened to sell the building. Azulay says Greitzer hasn't maintained contact with the gay community, but Azulay failed to consult a single major gay organization when she decided to run for office. That is hardly an inspiring example of contact with the gay community.

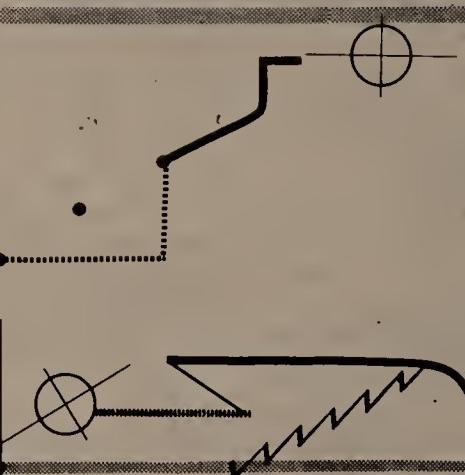
GLID members overwhelmingly supported Greitzer for reelection. It is sad to have to support a heterosexual against a Lesbian but most people felt Greitzer was clearly better for the gay community. We humbly suggest that the New York political process is complex in its operation. Simplistic rhetoric as espoused by the NAP won't get gays their rights. We suggest that all gays and Lesbians get more deeply involved in the political process through the Democratic Party and learn first hand some of the complexities of the system. We will achieve our rights when we learn how to use the Democratic process to our own advantage.

Sincerely yours,
Bill Hirsch, President GLID
Jim Levin and Wendy Gould,
Executive Committee GLID

Home on the Common
We are finally moving to our permanent location at 167 Tremont St., conveniently above the Dunkin' Donuts across from the common. It will take us a little while to beautify our new action office, but drop on by anyway!



d» st or m

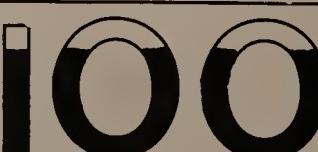


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Over our vacation we have acquired five new Sustainers, bringing us to our level of 78 Sustainers out of the 100 we hope to recruit by 1983. We still need you to consider supporting GCN through minimal quarterly contributions of \$30. This week we hope to hear especially from fans of Martina, returning college students, and any of our friends outside of the Boston area.

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out of a backpack

Dear GCN —

Mark Perigard's recent rather shockingly personal broadside against the owner of Glad Day Books in Boston indicated a rather meagre sense of both perspective and historical acuity on his part.

It's ludicrous, and offensively so, to dismiss Glad Day (or any good lesbian/gay bookstore, of which there are precious few on the continent) as either not an institution or not part of the community. Gay bookstores are often a lesbian or gay man's first contact with the beyond-bar gay world, and are probably their first contact with the likes of *GCN*, to boot. The first Glad Day store in Toronto was most certainly a resource base, rallying point and nurturer for that city's now-active and highly-political gay community.

That store started out of one of Jerald Moldenhauer's backpacks, graduated to his living room, and eventually turned enough of a profit to support expansion to Boston.

Profit? An ugly concept, perhaps; perhaps the ads in *GCN* should be free.

Like all of us, I was shocked and saddened — and really heartened by the instant re-appearance — of *GCN*. It's an important part of my week.

But like the owner of Glad Day, I, too, was dismayed and disturbed by the lack of coverage given Glad Day's troubles. Understandable the first week, in the rush of the aftermath of the fire; but undeserved the second and unprofessional (or perhaps amateurish) the third.

Both institutions, the paper and the bookstore, deserve thanks and blessing; both serve the community, and draw from it.

Richard Labonte
Los Angeles, CA

Community Voices

gg1

An open letter to Tom Waddell (and the Gay Games Committee).

So far, Gay Games I has been a mostly wonderful, uplifting event to see. My heartfelt compliments to those organizers/athletes who've put so much work into making this timely event happen.

The way that the Games are being presented to the media so far has been very disturbing. This event, like so many others before it that include a cross-section of our community, seems to mean very different things to different kinds of people.

While I understand the real need to counter homophobic stereotypes, there seems to be an over-emphasis on making us seem to the world like something we're not — straight.

In watching coverage of the Games on local news stations, I was angered and insulted to hear organizers state that (a) one of the main (and I'm sure not the only) purposes of the event was to "counter the negative stereotype of homosexuals (read "men") as limp-wristed people who lisp, flounce around, etc., etc., etc." (You'll pardon me; my quote is as accurate as memory permits; I did not write it all down.) Making a special effort to qualify that "many" of the participants are Gay, the newscast also informed us that events included athletes from "all over the world."

Frequently a vocal admirer of Rita Mae Brown's, I was disappointed and angry to read her statement (at an opening event far too pricey for me to attend) that this event was "not to celebrate homosexuality" but rather to celebrate "individual rights and freedoms." Really sorry you think so, Rita. Perhaps you'll take a minute someday and explain to me how a "respectable" campaign for "individual rights and freedoms" has a prayer of advancing our Gay asses out of an increasingly embattled position in this country. This seems to attempt to downplay the really positive contribution that being Lesbian/Gay adds to the Games.

With regard to (a) countering negative stereotypes; What in the hell kind of reason is this to organize and hold events for Lesbian/Gay athletes? Talk about groveling for acceptance! There seems to be a very vocal portion of the GGI Committee who seem hell bent on proving that most of us are just like straight people (or trying real hard, anyway). This seems particularly evident in statements to the press about Gay men, although I'm sure there are many Lesbians who just as desperately favor assimilation in return for a measure of "tolerance." I'm as painfully aware as any of us that homophobic stereotypes are not what we're all about. But I'm equally and emphatically aware that we are not "just like everybody else." Our difference is one of the best parts of being Gay.

Myself and the people I've followed the competition with, as well as friends who are competing, are doing so as an incredibly positive action, not a reaction to negative stereotypes. Some of the best athletes thus far have been butch women as well as gay men who hardly seem obsessed with the tense, uptight, jerky self-presence so treasured as "butch" on Castro St. And no wonder. I doubt they have time, being far too preoccupied with an incredibly high standard of athletic excellence. Most seem quite content to be simply perceived as open, proud Gay athletes.

It's embarrassing to hear you and your associates, Dr. Waddell, rail away against stereotypes, and carefully point out to people that a large part of what GGI is about concerns making a squeaky clean impression on middle America. Seems to many of us that Lesbian/Gay athletes are doing far better than that by being exactly who and what we are. I have no apologies whatever for dykes on motorcycles or in black leather, and I found out some years ago that drag queens are truly some of the toughest men I'm proud to know.

Finally (and on a somewhat different tack), I'm very much looking forward to competing in GG2. And I'm wondering if there isn't some way of setting up a fund (starting now) whereby partial airfare could be subsidized for deserving athletes from Asia, Africa, or Latin America? I really like the emphasis on our internationality this time, but found most of the too-few participants from other countries to be from "developed" origins. It's a well-known fact that athletic excellence is hardly confined to the First World. While this certainly is in no way your responsibility alone, it would be a great thing if the next games could be an even more global event. So that I'm not misinterpreted as heaving pot-shots from the sidelines, please know that I'm ready, willing, and eager to assist in the set-up of such a fund. Hoping to hear from you on all of this,

Tom Plageman

(415) 863-2319

*my quotes

2¢

Dear GCN,

I suppose I'm not surprised at the reaction elicited by the cover of Volume 10, No. 3, but I'll toss in my two cents anyway. I loved it! I found it to be humorous and celebrating of lesbian sexuality and independence. Do it again!

Yours truly,
Constance Stillinger
Ithaca, NY

art and the state

Dear GCN:

I would like to commend Michael Bronski and Lisa Orlando for their very fair reviews of "Not a Love Story." I share their misgivings about the film's treatment of pornography. Especially irritating are the many passages where the film slips from commentary into complicity with pornographic sensationalism as when clips of S/M are intercut with Auschwitz(?). Porn-industry workers are allowed to speak until S/M appears as the topic on the screen. Then the masks are not removed and the participants are no longer asked how they feel about their roles in a deliberate attempt to make us believe the worst.

No effort is spared to curb the viewer's own critical intelligence by insisting upon a single meaning of the film for us. Apart from the pseudo-scientific voice-overs with unsubstantiated but catchy numbers ("more pornography outlets than MacDonalds' stands!"), are the dishonest presentations of the pornography itself. No one would deny the political content of so much pornographic imagery which seems to feed on patriarchal fantasies of men dominating women. The film documents it well. What it refuses to show us, though, is the complexity of the phenomenon. Out of focus and over the shoulder of Linda Lee Tracy, in her pilgrim's progress through one porn shop, can be seen a man kneeling before a woman dressed in leather who holds a whip. The camera resolutely refuses to focus upon this image which would complicate its message. Gay male images are also carefully avoided.

Since "Not a Love Story" is "art" which intends a political practice, we should reflect upon the film's own role in recent Canadian history. The credits to several police organizations at the film's conclusion should raise suspicion. Several feminist groups have sought to ally the state with the anti-pornography cause by petitioning for changes to the Canadian Criminal Code. The Minister of Justice, Mr. Chretien, has responded sympathetically by proposing a new law which would greatly broaden the definition of obscenity at the same time that the *Body Politic* faces endless prosecution under the current definition. The final irony in this unholy alliance of the state and feminism, is the banning of "Not a Love Story" by the Ontario censorship board. The film is allowed only for private screenings to "properly qualified" audiences. I saw it with a group of sociologists in Ottawa. Lisa Orlando's misgivings are correct. Who could seriously expect the state to use its censorship powers in the interests of women or gay people? In the real world, "Not a Love Story" commits suicide by calling on the state to suppress the capitalist exploitation of women and sex, while the capitalist state, in fact, busies itself in suppressing feminist and gay films and journals.

Barry D. Adam
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

P.S. I remain an unabashed fan of Michael Bronski's writing in these pages. Keep up the good work!

biting the hand

Dear GCN,

Volume 10, #8,9's article on the Fenway Community Health Center's battle with the Massachusetts Department of Public Health over funding for Sexually Transmitted Disease (STD) control can't be allowed to stand without some comment from me. I worked there as Physician Assistant and coordinator of the Gay Health Collective from 1975 to 1980. I was instrumental in developing and sustaining what all the staff there at that time saw as an exceptional relationship with the MDPH. While gay clinics around the country moaned the lack of support from their local and state health departments, our clinic thrived partly because of the support, financial and otherwise, from the MDPH.

I can only speculate from the distance of New York City why this relationship has deteriorated in the most recent years under the current administration of FCHC; but I would venture the guess that striking first, then talking, is the methodology at hand.

You don't go after funding by attacking a potential source, insinuating it isn't doing a good job. The MDPH has supported FCHC's STD program for years with both free laboratory supplies and services and professional (epidemiological) support.

You don't educate and improve on the "straight" health care system by implying that they mistreat people. Have you ever seen anyone listen to you, much less fund you, after you've alienated them? In my years of rubbing elbows with the nurses and clinicians who operate the MDPH's hospital-based STD clinics, I had only praise for the sensitive, discreet, and competent manner in which they treated gay men. The implication that Dr. Fiumara's staff is insensitive to the needs of gay people is not only an insult, but a fallacy.

I'm sure that there have been isolated incidents

folkies

Dear GCN:

Some fellow-folkies and the two of us are thinking about putting together a weekend of workshops in folk dancing and music for gay men, and we would like to know how many men out there would be interested in organizing, teaching, or attending. We'd like to hold it somewhere between New York City and Washington DC (preferably in the Philadelphia area) to allow as many men as possible from both New England and the Southern states to come, and we're considering November 26-28 (Friday to Sunday after Thanksgiving) as the time.

Those of us who have been involved in various folk dance/music groups (including gay folk dancing groups in Boston, Western Massachusetts, North Carolina, and Seattle) have been greatly impressed with the power of various traditional forms of dancing and music to create and celebrate a sense of community among the people who participate. We see the weekend as a chance for gay men — those already involved in folk groups, those who are curious, and especially those who may feel cut off in their areas from others who share their interests — to gather, learn from each other, and have a good time. And ultimately we hope that such an event would foster the growth of these kinds of activities in the gay community.

Our tentative (and probably too long) list of the kinds of things that could happen at such a weekend includes Eastern European dancing and singing, New England contra dancing, English and Scottish country dancing, Morris and garland dancing, Southern circle dancing and clogging, shape-note singing, rounds, sea shanties, instrumental workshops of various kinds, and teaching techniques workshops. Other ideas would be greatly appreciated.

The cost and set-up for the weekend depends on how many people register, and especially on the kind of place we would be holding it in — and we are very much in need of leads on possible sites (we'd want a large hall for dancing, smaller rooms for workshops, sleeping accommodations, and possibly kitchen facilities). So if you know of possible places in the areas we mentioned, please write. And otherwise if you are interested in coming, organizing, or teaching (or subsidizing!), or have ideas for the program, please let us know by writing Dee Michel, Box 5, GCN.

Michael Ciccone
Dee Michel
Cambridge, MA

a few errors

Dear GCN:

The interview with Jim Steakley (GCN: 26 June 1982) provides useful information, the results of Jim's decade of untiring research on the early homosexual emancipation movement in Germany. However, his remarks contain two unfortunate errors.

(1) Jim claims that prior to the inception of the Nazi regime, Paragraph 175 served only to punish anal intercourse. This is false, for a series of authoritative legal interpretations, beginning with that of the Imperial Court in Leipzig in 1880, determined that the sanctions were indeed applicable to other male homosexual practices, including oral and interfemoral intercourse. (See, e.g., Magnus Hirschfeld, *Die Homosexualität des Mannes und des Weibes*, second ed., Berlin, 1920, pp. 838-839; as well as commentaries by Numa Praetorius [Eugen Wilhelm] in the *Jahrbuch für sexuelle Zwischenstufen*, beginning in 1899.) These extensions were not made by the Nazis. The augmentations that actually appeared in the Nazi Paragraph 175a are bad enough without exaggerating the record.

(2) The interview gives the impression that the Nazi extermination policy was directed toward both lesbians and gay men. For example, when Steakley refers to the 1937 article that appeared in the SS newspaper, *Das Schwarze Korps*, entitled "These Are Enemies Of The State," he claims the article "was about Germany's gay and lesbian population, which was estimated in the article at 2.2 million." This is wrong, for the article in question was concerned exclusively with two million (not 2.2 million) homosexual men; there was no mention of lesbians.

Jim asserts that lesbians wore the pink triangle and perished in the camps alongside gay men. While a few lesbian civilians and military personnel may have been apprehended, and a few others may have been caught in flagrante in the camps themselves, Nazi policy endeavored to eliminate only male homosexuals as a group. That the two forms of same-sex behavior were treated entirely differently by the Nazis is evident from the following official admonition: "Even if, for example, in Paragraph 175 homosexual lewdness (*Unzucht*) between men is subject to punishment, it is clearly specified that lesbian love should not be deemed punishable; hence lesbian relations cannot be punished even through recourse to the legal principle of analogy." (*Deutsche Justiz*, vol. 97 [1935], p. 994.)

The fates of individual lesbians under the Third Reich merit our attention. But in the case of gay men, the vastly more frequent fatal outcome reflects the deployment of a whole system of persecution. From Leviticus to the Inquisition, from the Nazis to the Moral Majority, the attempted genocide of homosexuals has been directed systematically at men. (I take into account the recent research presented in *Journal of Homosexuality* by Louis Crompton, which does not alter the substance of the matter.)

Today, the cultural disparity between gay men and lesbians is becoming increasingly apparent. This dichotomy is rooted in the past, which is in part a record of different degrees of violent repression we have experienced because of our sexuality. Those who hold that we ought to struggle to overcome gender differences in order to forge alliances are entitled to their belief. But when they retroject the politically correct "gender parity" of the present into the reality of the past, they weaken their case.

It may seem petty to quibble over who is more oppressed than whom. However, we must recall that it was lesbians and male feminists who broached the issue by claiming that lesbians were "doubly oppressed" and therefore entitled to special privileges in the movement.

As gay men, we are not being "injustice collectors" when we honor our martyred dead and emphasize the fact that they were victims of a millennial campaign of persecution waged against gay men. Let us do justice first of all to ourselves, for what can gay liberation mean if not this?

Yours for gay liberation,
John Lauritsen
New York, NY



of perceived insensitivity at the state clinics; and I have seen that happen at FCHC, too. All of us health care providers have our 'insensitive moments; that's not a "straight" problem.

The real issues here are twofold:

1. If you want funding and think your facility has a right to some public funds, make the necessary contacts, sit and talk, lobby the ones in control of the dollars. Don't harass!

2. If you think that the current hospital-based system of STD treatment is inadequate, get your facts together and prove it. Before World War II, hospital dermatology, urology, and syphilology services thrived on patients with STD; so most medical students and house officers had some training in STDs. Then came penicillin and the belief that STDs would soon be all but abolished.

So STD care and training were assigned low priorities; and STD clinics were often relegated to second class facilities in health departments (as in NYC to this day), apart from medical centers and the mainstream of medical research and training. Out of sight, out of mind: that's today's mentality among many health professionals that interferes with the care and control of STDs in many major cities in this country. Massachusetts has been very fortunate to have Dr. Fiumara and his dedicated nurses (Lisa Davis at the top of that list!) bucking that trend, keeping STD care in the mainstream of health care.

So, FCHC has financial troubles and is trying to get (more) some public funding for its STD program. Great! Do it, FCHC! But remember who your friends are... slapping them around in the gay press is like biting the hand that feeds you. Sincerely,

Ron Vachon, P.A.
Chairperson, Gay Public Health Workers,
American Public Health Association
New York, NY

2¢

Dear GCN,

I suppose I'm not surprised at the reaction elicited by the cover of Volume 10, No. 3, but I'll toss in my two cents anyway. I loved it! I found it to be humorous and celebrating of lesbian sexuality and independence. Do it again!

Yours truly,
Constance Stillinger
Ithaca, NY

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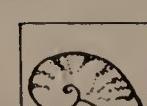
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By Michael Bronski

Powerful, even important, plays are not necessarily always great, or even good, plays. *Bent* is a strange mixture of theatrically audacious notions and some terribly creaky writing. It delivers a resounding wallop that may come more from its shocking and sensational subject matter than from writing or construction. It is a message play whose message is both obvious and, in our social context, startling and radical.

Playwright Martin Sherman has taken on topics that are usually thought too bold or frightening for most plays: the meaning of a gay identity, the horror of the holocaust, and, by implication, the terrors of history repeating itself. *Bent* probably bites off more than it can chew, certainly more than it can comfortably digest, but when the table is cleared its importance outweighs its ineptness.

Beginning in Berlin of 1934 *Bent*'s first act recounts the story of Max and his lover Rudy. Caught up in the *Cabaret* world of cocaine and nightclubs, they make the mistake of bringing home a Stormtrooper on the Night of the Long Knives (Hitler's purge of homosexuals from the paramilitary SS). The next morning they

suffer a peculiar post-coital tuisis when the trick is murdered by the SS in their living room. They spend the next two years (and the next five scenes) on the run until they are captured and sent to a detention camp. Toward the end of the act Max is made to participate in the murder of Rudy (on stage) and meets Horst, a gay man "detained" because he committed the overtly political act of signing a pro-homosexual Magnus Hirschfeld petition. Max has made a "deal" and has denied being gay so he could get a yellow star that marked him as a Jew rather than as a Queer with a pink triangle.

Act One is rather a mess. The characterization is schematic, the exposition seems to go on forever and the writing is so generally middling that what should be a lovely scene between Max and Rudy toward the end of the act is lumpen rather than lyrical. Part of the problem is that Sherman is determined to set the historical record straight, or rather, gay, so that we are constantly being given gay history instead of character. It's a real problem because the information has been so thoroughly suppressed that it cannot be taken as public knowledge. This unfortunately leads to scenes — like with Greta or Max's gay uncle — that are totally concerned with exposition rather than giving the play shape or elegance.

Sherman seems to know that he is having trouble with the material and tries to make up for the talky interludes with a real punch in the gut realism. It's hard not to re-

pond with shock and revulsion while Max kicks Rudy to death on stage. (Even Medea had the decency to kill her offspring off-stage.) It's effective alright but it smacks of the luridness of Victorian melodramas, or perhaps a politicized Grand Guignol. Perhaps he was overcome with the enormity of his material and looked for any means to convey the horror to the audience. It's a dangerous tightrope to walk because simultaneous to his historical play Sherman is clearly making analogies to contemporary gay life: the disco lifestyle vs. the New Christian Right. And while not totally successful, it does give the play added, needed dimensions.

If the first act is traditional 50's style realism, the second veers off to 60's avant garde. Max and Horst are in Dachau, forced to move a pile of rocks from one side of the yard (stage) to the other. This endless, Sisyphean task is designed to, according to Max, drive them crazy. Historical accuracy aside, it does work well as a metaphor of dehumanization. The bulk of the act is charting the love relationship between Max and Horst. Again the writing is not topnotch. Much of their arguing and bantering sounds like the Bickersons or a bad Nichols and May skit; at best it's utilitarian, but without style. The one exception to this is a poetic, lyrical scene where the two men make love by speaking to, not touching, one another. Sherman leaves his kitchen sink dialogue on the back burner and shows that he is capable of creating theater through

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Bent L to R: David Zoffoli, David Perrito.

"Our deaths, like our lives, are not to be ignored."

realizes that making a political and moral stand is intrinsic to his nature and identity. The play ends with a mixture of revolution and (more) shocking onstage brutality. At this point I imagine most audiences are too choked-up to care whether the action is artistically justifiable.

For all its flaws, *Bent* is powerful. The first shock of recognition is that oppression kills and that acceptance of our gay identity is vital to our well-being and self-

respect. Aside from these personal/political messages, the play also confronts us (and straight audience) need and cadence, atmosphere through language. The very audacity of the notion adds to the power and tightness of the scene.

With an act of exposition out of the way, Sherman is able to get to the meat of his play, which is the slow evolution of Max understanding and accepting his gay identity. Always willing to "make deals" to get through, he finally

ences) with the historical/political message: this has really happened, the present is reflected in the past. History has denied, suppressed these facts; our deaths, like our lives, are not to be ignored. *Bent* makes both painfully obvious.

Bent (and Sherman) are very fortunate to have such a fine production at the New Ehrlich. Small and minimal, the play is thrust out at the audience, making the more intimate moments more personal and the brutality all the more shocking. David Zoffoli as Max and Steve Aveson as Rudy manage to capture the loving bickering that transpires between lovers, infusing the script with warmth and humanizing the factuality and barenness of the writing. David Perrigo, as Horst, is properly gaunt yet seemingly filled with inner resources. Both he and Zoffoli underplay nicely (overplayed, the script might be reduced to the ludicrous) and manage to physicalize most of the emotional content that is merely sketched out in the writing.

Political theater is generally unpopular. *Bent*, as a play, deserves credit for trying to do so much even if it often falls short. As a production, it is potent theater whose heart and mind is in the right place. Unlike *Annie* or *P.S. Your Cat Is Dead*, which seem to keep returning like a persistent case of herpes, *Bent* will probably not keep playing the theater circuit (either large or small). You won't see a better production than this one. Emotionally draining but rewarding, it is worth the time and money spent.

Arts on the Line Wunnerful, Wunnerful World

By John Levin

The Seven Wonders of The Modern World. Featuring works by: Jay Critchley, Sherry Edwards, Marie Favorito, Ray Langenbach, James Pitula, Rob Schmieder, and Paul Volpe. Now through October 16 at Gallery East, 24 East Street, Boston.

For those of you who feel as though you couldn't relate to modern art and gave up going to galleries long ago, the time has come to get reinvolved, especially since, as the majority of art historians are claiming, the modern era is over and we are now living in what's called the post-modern era.

What distinguishes post-modernism in art from modernism is a return to styles or genres of painting that had previously been considered outmoded or exhausted: figurative or representational art, decorative art, and personal or narrative art. Although in the mainstream art world in the late sixties and early-to-mid seventies, highly intellectualized formal abstraction or conceptual art was in vogue, there continued to be practitioners of styles that are now considered to be post-modern.

These artists were in some way marginal — often because they were gays, feminists, or people of color.

The mainstream art world centered around New York City has suddenly experienced a resurgence of figurative, decorative, and personal or narrative art. The art world's rediscovery of these previously marginalized styles has to

do with a number of complicated and inter-related factors, of which two stand out. The first is the exhaustion of the possibilities of overly formal or conceptual art; the second is the increasing deterioration of the world economy and the instability of the dollar, which has made art into a very good investment for corporations and the rich. The search for a "new" art which could be sold for profit led to the "discovery" of the styles that had been previously marginalized. Needless to say, the originators of these styles have not necessarily received the credit or recognition they deserved, and the big winners in the resurgence of "new realism" in New York have been predominantly white, male, and at least not openly gay. This is a situation similar to the rise of disco in the late seventies, when the pop music industry, in its desire for the next big thing, discovered disco, a style of music created and supported by blacks and gay men, and made stars out of straight white men like the Bee Gees.

Although the show at Gallery East is titled *The Seven Wonders of the Modern World*, the accessibility, vitality, and stylistic content of the work exhibited is, at least to me, decidedly post-modern. But here is a post-modern show that we can truly be proud of, since it exhibits the work of artists whose style is not a means toward notoriety, but an expression of personal commitment and necessity.

continued on page 10

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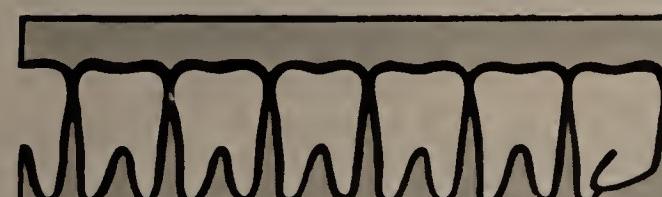
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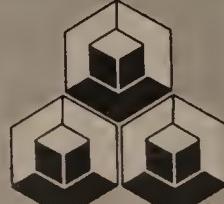
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Violent Attack

continued from page 1
any more trouble from us."

The police appeared indiscriminate in their use of violence. The deejay that evening, Doreen, was pulled from the soundbooth, punched in the face and beaten about the head, opening a gash that required twelve stitches at Bellevue Hospital. A young man with crutches suffered heavy bruises on the forehead. A woman who came to Blue's Thursday afternoon unwound an ace bandage to display a fractured kneecap.

Police at the Midtown South precinct and in the public information office at Police Plaza headquarters were evasive when questioned about the raid and calls placed by *GCN* were quickly disconnected or transferred to a general purpose recording. The owner of the bar, Emile Pensa, has obtained the name of the senior officer present during the raid, a Sgt. Graham, who works for a "cleanup" unit assigned to the Times Square area, the Patrol Borough Midtown South Task Force/Neighborhood Stabilization Unit. The roll call office at the precinct told *GCN* that Graham works a street patrol and was unavailable for comment.

The police version of the events, gathered from a variety of sources, is contradictory at best. Patrons of Blue's said the raiding party shouted that two cops had been mugged in the neighborhood and the raid was a reprisal for the mugging. Police Chief Patrick Murphy told David Rothenberg, a gay activist and member of the Human Rights Commission, that police had been called into the bar on a 1084 call, indicating that a fight or disturbance was going on. And the commanding officer of the Midtown South precinct, John J. Martin, told *Village Voice* columnist Arthur Bell that a man claiming he was assaulted at the bar dialed the 911 emergency number. When police arrived, according to Martin, they had to call in a 1013, or general assistance alert, which brought 20 patrol cars to the scene.

"Two officers went in and came out again because they said it was too big a fight," said Martin. "Blue's is a very troublesome bar. It's a place that transvestites are drawn to. A number of arrests have been made for narcotics use inside the place. The New York Times is across the street, and they constantly plead with the police department to clean it up."

Gay activists point out that if the bar people had started a rumble, police would surely have made arrests. Yet no arrests were made, nor were any drugs found. Added manager Lew Olive, "We've been conducting our own investigation and our information is that the



Bob Nelson

cops were getting drunk over at Smith's Bar at 44th Street and Eighth Avenue. Then they came in patrol cars and parked in front of the Milford Plaza Hotel and walked over to Blue's. You don't park two blocks away and walk over when you are responding to a 1013."

"If the police went in to restore order, there must be a tape of someone calling to the 911 number," said David Rothenberg. "That hasn't been found yet. Some of my private sources tell me that anywhere the police have had trouble they'll go in heavy and do roundups. Blue's was vulnerable because the people that go there are disenfranchised. The police think that the black community won't stand up for black gays and the gay community won't get involved when a black bar is raided."

Several activists present at Blue's on Thursday mentioned they had tried to contact Herb Rickman, Mayor Koch's liaison to the gay community, but that calls had not been returned. Asked if he thought Rickman would be involved, Rothenberg told *GCN* that "the Mayor's Office won't move on this. They couldn't care less. It's clean up Times Square time, which has more to do with harassing blacks than anything else." Rickman told the *New York Native* that he could take no action until a complaint was filed with the Civilian Complaint Review Board, an internal police agency that investigates police actions.

"Don't tell me about

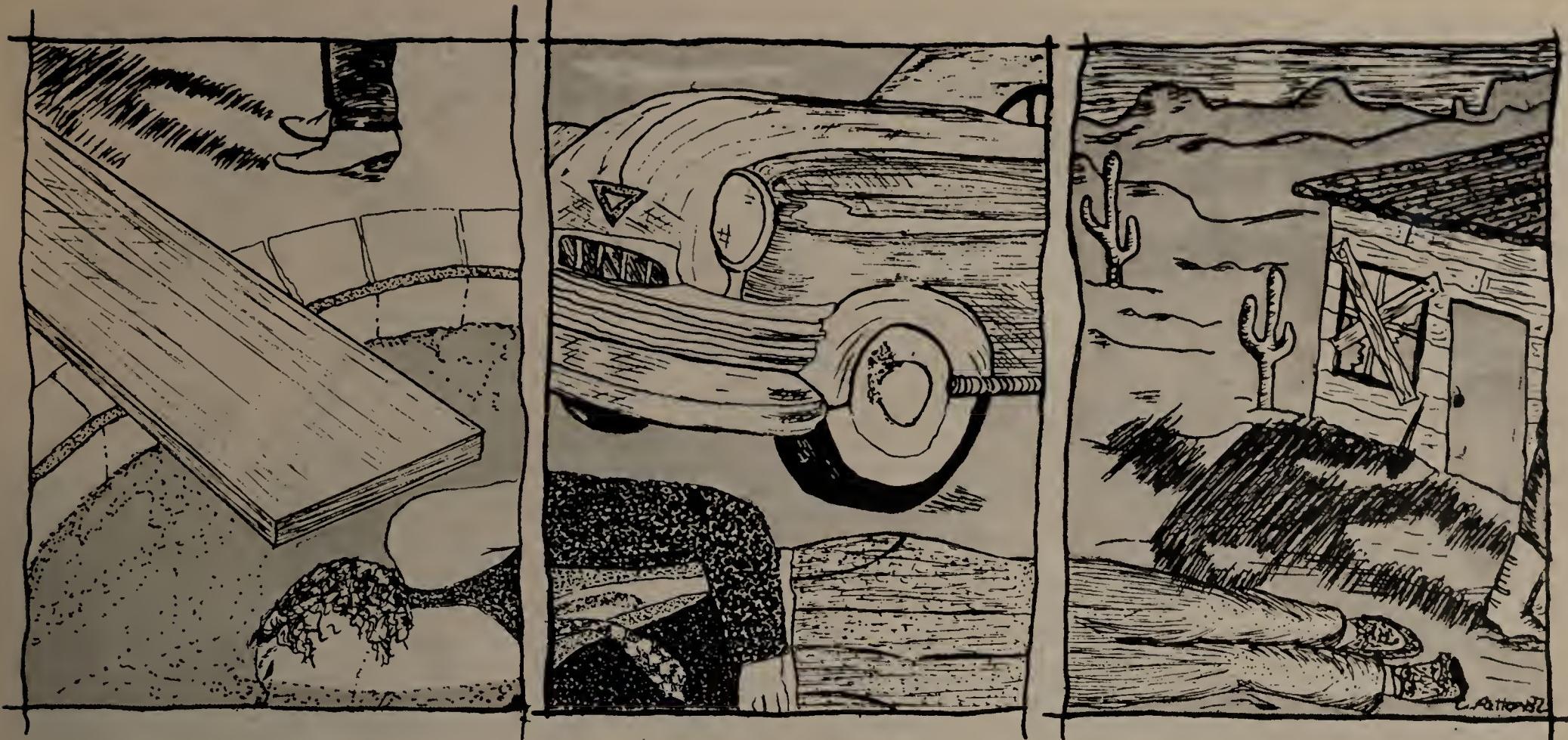
complaints," said Ed Murphy, president of the Christopher Street Festival Association, a bar organization. "This was armed robbery. Money was taken from the cash register, and people's wallets were stolen. We want these sick bastards locked up. If they can do it today in one bar, they'll do it tomorrow in another. Fuck complaints. I want to see about indicting these guys."

Murphy and the owner of Blue's have retained Enid K. Gerling, a lawyer with thirty years' experience in litigating bar cases. Gerling told *GCN* that she had filed a complaint with the Civilian Complaint Review Board and had taken depositions from individuals who witnessed the raid. "I was horrified," said Gerling. "I've seen after-hours places busted up, but never like this. We've also been in touch with the district attorney's office."

At a meeting on Morton Street in Greenwich Village on Tuesday, October 5, Ed Murphy asked about 40 gay activists what they thought the community response should be. Lew Olive told the group that "I don't believe in demonstrations. You raise hell and get nothing done." Some activists said they would press for an investigation through legal channels, including writing to officials, holding a press conference and pursuing litigation. But most of those present were in favor of a demonstration to express the community's grief and anger, and a planning committee is meeting to set a date and publicize the event.



Bob Nelson



Elementary, My Dear!

Cobalt

by Nathan Aldyne

Avon
New York, 1982
201 pp., \$2.75

Gravedigger

by Joseph Hansen
Holt, Rinehart, Winston
New York, 1982
183 pp., \$12.50

Who Killed Sal Mineo?

by Susan Braudy
Wyndham Books
New York, 1982
318 pp., \$14.95

Reviewed by Michael Bronski

The mystery story, or to be more precise, the detective story, is a curiously modern phenomenon just under 150 years old. Although it had attained a certain vogue at the end of the last century — we remember the classics: Poe, Wilkie Collins, Conan Doyle, Mrs. Braddon, Anna Katharine Green — the enormity and popularity of the genre probably peaked about 50 years ago. (This coincided with the mass distribution of inexpensive paperbacks.) Earl Stanley Gardner, Ellery Queen, Agatha Christie, and The Saint became not only household names but part of the great popular collective unconscious. Like Robin Hood and Little Orphan Annie, they grew into cultural touchstones, cutting across gender, class, and age. (Agatha Christie once said that when one of your characters ends up being an answer in the London *Times* crossword puzzles, you know you've made an impact.)

This cultural impact was so strong that in her book of essays *Don't Ever Forget*, novelist Brigid Brophy makes a good case for the detective story as modern myth. The purpose of the myth, according to Brophy, is not to establish *whodunit* but rather to establish who didn't do it. In a post-Freudian, post-nuclear, post-Holocaust world we are all too aware of what we are capable: guilt is the modern condition. And if we can only find out who really is guilty — by reading mystery after mystery: different murders, different characters, yet the same plot, the same message — we can be continually assured of our innocence.

It is no wonder then that gay people — and women — may have a vested interest, psychologically leaning toward the mystery or detective story. Since gays and women both fall into the categories of sexual outlaws and suspects, the establishment of innocence has a mighty appeal. It is somewhat curious then that as writers in the genre, open homosexuals have been a bit late

to the scene of the crime. Generally depicted by straight writers as either piteous victims or pitiless villains, gays are now coming into their own as writers and detectives. There is an interesting listing of gay characters in *Murder Ink* (Workman, 1977) that concentrates mainly on minor personalities and almost totally leaves out lesbians (whom it seems to confuse with female transvestites). More interesting and informative is an article by Jim Levin in *Gayweek* (5/10/82) that provides better and newer information about gay sleuths as well as victims.

The "new" gay mystery is not simply the traditional genre with gay characters pasted in, for, in some ways, gay writers have reinvented the genre to suit both the needs, attitudes, and attentions of the readers. They have reimagined what is "normal" or "typical" in the actual world and refashioned it to the mystery world to find that it fit quite well.

The original detective classics — like Sherlock Holmes and Auguste Dupin — relied entirely upon the science of deduction as befitting products of a post-age-of-reason world. While mysteries before this were usually explained by the supernatural (the gothic), there could now be no solutions that could not be reached by sheer logic — a very manly trait. The invention of the female sleuth gradually brought a change in this method of operation. The earliest women detectives usually got their man (so to speak) by logical deduction. *Lady Molly of Scotland Yard* (1910) by Baroness Orczy is a comparative latecomer to the lady-detective genealogy and the title character is of such sound — logical — mind that she is hired by the Yard itself. *Murderess Ink* (Workman, 1979) goes all the way back to 1861 and *East Lynn* by Mrs. Henry Wood (sort of a cheat since it's not really a mystery) and *Crime on Her Mind* (Pantheon, 1975) cites *The Experiences of a Lady Detective* by "Anonyma" (1861), a cheap yellowback penny-dreadful. Other early books mentioned are Wilkie Collins' wonderful and little-known novel *The Law and the Lady* in which a wife turns sleuth to clear her husband's good name of murder. Those in search of odd linguistic coincidence will be interested in an 1883 novel, *Clarice Dyke, the Female Detective*. Clarice, however, does not live up to her name and is married to private detective Donald Dyke.

While early female detectives were similar to their male counterparts, it was generally conceded that they had the advantage of being able to go where men were not allowed (the dress shop, the tea parlor) and, because their position was unique, they were less suspect to criminals and wrong-doers. But what made this professional woman distinct from her precursors was a certain lack of detachment. Even when she used deduction to solve the current puzzle she usually had some emotional attachment to the situation or some understanding of the human emotions involved. Both Lady Molly and Valeria Britten Woodville (in *The Law and the Lady*) turn sleuth to save their husbands. Doctor Watson describes Holmes as "the most perfect reasoning and

observing machine that the world has seen . . . All emotions that one [love] particularly, were abhorrent to his cold, precise, but admirably balanced mind." (Interestingly, this is in reference to Irene Adler, the only character to ever outwit the cocaine-spiking bachelor.) With Holmes on one end of the spectrum, the woman detective gradually evolved into Agatha Christie's homespun Miss Marple at the other. Marple almost never leaves her quaint village of St. Mary Mead, and there is little need to. She solves all of her cases not by her little grey cells, but by simple observations of human nature. And as she points out, you'll find as much hate, jealousy, anger, fear, and loathing in a small village as anywhere else in the world.

Starting out as a straight white man's world, the detection field gradually broadened — as did all professions and spheres of interest — to include women who brought to it new understandings and possibilities in the arts of detection. They also brought the world of women — up till then imprisoned in "ladies' novels" — into the genre. Of course, the flipside of any tolerance is some form of backlash, and there are enough examples in recent detective fiction to show that both homosexuals and women are being punished for their strides forward.

The most important influence upon American detective stories has probably been exerted by the hard-boiled L.A. Hammett-Chandler-Cain school of writing. Like the American cowboy, these men were loners with little personal life, and their feelings were well-hidden by their trenchcoats. Dialogue was usually short and sparse, everyone except the detective was untrustworthy, and even he was hardly the nicest guy around. Pauline Kael goes as far as to say that *The Maltese Falcon*'s Sam Spade is a sadistic psychopath. This was the "She came to the door wearing nothing but some flimsy French thing and two drops of perfume. I got her twice between the eyes with my .45" school of writing. There was a lean, hungry, pared-down elegance that was distinctively American, a form of existentialism that Europeans took to and praised. (When these early novels were issued in France, they were collected under the title *série noir*, from which the term *film noir* is derived.) This tough-guy attitude fit well with post-war sexual stereotyping: at his worst he became Micky Spillane, but there were other, newer, more palatable versions of him.

Joseph Hansen wrote *Fadeout*, his first book featuring Dave Brandstetter, in 1970. He had written several other mysteries, and some high-tone porno, for several years before that under the name of James Colton. It took almost ten years, but after five Brandstetter novels, the latest being *Gravedigger*, Hansen and his nonsense insurance investigator have won both critical and popular acclaim. Brandstetter may be the first instance of a gay character being treated fairly and evenly by such mainstream press as *The New Yorker* and *The New York Times Book Review*. In retrospect it's clear

Continued on page 6

**BOOK
GAY COMMUNITY NEWS
REVIEW**

**BOOK
GAY COMMUNITY NEWS
REVIEW**

**BOOK
GAY COMMUNITY NEWS
REVIEW**

Golden Dyke Oldies

Journey to Fulfillment

A World Without Men

Return to Lesbos

by Valerie Taylor

Naiad Press/Volute Books, 1982

(P.O. Box 10543, Tallahassee, FL 32302)

\$3.95 each (for mail order: price plus 15% mailing cost, 75¢ minimum)

Reviewed by Maida Tilchen

In the May/June 1968 issue of *The Ladder*, Barbara Grier described one of Valerie Taylor's novels as "one of the few dozen paperback originals in the lesbian literature genre, from the 'golden' days, alas, now gone forever . . ." The great news is that in the fourteen years since she wrote those words, Barbara has become the power behind the lesbian-owned Naiad Press, and was able to choose three of Valerie Taylor's novels for Naiad's first series of reprints from that "golden age."

In case you're unfamiliar with the paperback (or "pulp") original phase of lesbian literary history, here's a brief review: Primarily in the 50's and 60's, thousands of paperback novels about lesbians were published. Some were from such respected publishing houses as Fawcett, but most came from sleazier places which were basically in the soft-core porn business. They are believed to have been intended mostly for male porn fans, although many lesbians did obtain and enjoy them at the time. Very little is known about most of the authors, who generally used pseudonyms. Most were probably men or in-house collective efforts.

It is still possible to obtain original copies of these books by searching through used paperback book stores, but the search is getting harder. Some rare book dealers do sell the books; however, originals are expensive and too fragile for casual reading. For those who remember or who have discovered the genre, the recent re-issuing of Paula Christian's books, and now Valerie Taylor's, have been pleasant events.

Unlike most of the shadowy figures who created the lesbian pulps, Valerie Taylor has been very much a part of the lesbian feminist community, and continues to write and publish. I had the pleasure of meeting her at the Lesbian Writer's Conference in Chicago in 1975, and have corresponded with her occasionally since then. At that time, she told me that she had become a writer of pulp fiction so that she could support her sons after leaving her husband. She wrote in other genres and under various names, but the lesbian books were apparently dearest to her heart. Now retired, she lives in what she calls a "commune of hermits" in a southwestern city. Most recently, she informed me that she's hoping to keep her eyesight, typewriter, and mind long enough to get a few more stories down on paper. Taylor has also been doing public speaking engagements to groups of young gays who are just coming out — urging them to have consideration for their parents, and also telling them how her children and grandchildren have been supportive to her. Her latest new novel, also published by Naiad, is called *Prism*, and is about a lonely but self-sufficient lesbian who retires and finds romance in the arms of a farmer's wife.

What do Taylor's books from the early 60's have to make them worth re-printing and reading today? They have both entertainment and historical value. Valerie Taylor was unquestionably one of the few truly outstanding writers of the pulp boom. Her books are highly readable and enjoyable, and quite different from the heavy realism that is found in more recent lesbian fiction. Although they are basically romantic fantasies, they also present a picture of the lives of working class lesbians during that era. Very much a product of their time, they reflect the isolation and lack of self-belief of pre-Stonewall lesbian life.

Erika Frohmann, the protagonist of all three books, is basically an anti-hero. Her childhood was shattered by World War II, and she spent several years in a concentration camp. The first book, *Journey to Fulfillment*, starts with her immigration to the U.S. She continues to be a lonely, perpetual victim. Although she herself is good-hearted, most of the women she gets involved with are sadistic or alcoholic. Despite her dreams and illusions of true love, her affairs don't last. She remains isolated from, and suspicious of, other lesbians. She is quite different from the robust butches who are found in many lesbian pulps, particularly those set in Greenwich Village bars. Valerie Taylor's books all come from another strain of lesbian pulps: the suburban housewife novel. In this recurrent plot, found in hundreds of pulps, the frustrated housewife finds satisfaction in the arms of a neighbor, or by somehow stumbling on the local discrete but lonely dyke. Taylor's books are the most thoughtful and well-written of this type, and they probably have always been and will continue to be par-

ticularly appealing to women who feel trapped in straight marriages.

If Erika's miseries don't sound much like the stuff romantic novels are made of, be advised that Taylor has been a popular author because she knows what turns dyke readers on: shy, lonely butches suffering unrequited love. Ever the romantic, Taylor always manages to find a partner for all these lonely people. Usually these partners are dissatisfied women lost in unpromising places who seem to have just been waiting for an experienced lesbian to bring them out and give them somebody to love. This is how Erika herself comes out. After a few stolen kisses in a displaced person's camp, she gets shipped off to America still completely naive about what it might have meant. But of all the families in the world, she miraculously gets placed with the all-American Millers of Worthington, Illinois, who have in their cozy suburban house a bosomy, flirtatious hot young daughter who proceeds to have an affair with Erika. Erika immediately falls head over brand-new penny loafers for Ms. Coed, but the bad news is that this all-American dream girl is the bitch of life, slapping, screaming, pinching and teasing poor inexperienced Erika. But it all works out OK, and Erika advances down (or up?) the highway of life, older and wiser, etc., and on to further adventures in the next two novels, *A World Without Men* and *Return to Lesbos*.

In all of Taylor's books, there is a strange and workable mixture of fantasy and reality. The women are well-meaning, but sometimes can't control their urge for violence or alcohol. Lovers get irresistibly passionate, but they also cheat, fall off the wagon, or die just when things are going well. Life and the search for the perfect and endless love go on. What more could you want from unpretentious and romantic novels?

Some historically interesting passages turn up in all three novels, in addition to the overall presentation of typical lesbian lives in the fifties. There is a visit to a psychiatrist in *A World Without Men*. He says supportive and comforting things like, "Katie, I've seen 'em come and I've seen 'em go, and I've never yet seen a normal person." (p. 156) In *Return to Lesbos* (p. 79), there is a brief description of a meeting of a gay rights group. They are addressed by a speaker from the ACLU who advises them on what to do if busted: "You don't even know what the word means. Keep insisting that you didn't know what kind of place it was." Although these scenes are somewhat ridiculous, they are very unusual for books published in the early 1960's. Most psychiatrists who turn up in pulps are usually bent on unravelling their client's father fixations, not on encouraging their lesbianism. I don't know of any other appearance by a gay rights group in the pulps. Taylor was very much ahead of her time in suggesting



Valerie Taylor at about the time she wrote *A World Without Men*.

liberation for lesbians.

So, if you are looking for both a fun read and a piece of lesbian history, Naiad Press is making them both available to you. The new editions contain six photos of Valerie Taylor, then and now. The covers are disappointing, and I hope that in future printings Naiad will find some 80's artists who can illustrate in that great punky 50's style.

Finally, a NEWSFLASH: Guess whose books will be re-issued by Naiad this fall? I can't say yet, but a hint is that we'll be seeing the return of the most legendary dyke that ever landed on the corner of Christopher and Gay. So stay tuned.

For further information on finding the old books, I recommend my article with Fran Koski entitled "Some Pulp Sappho" in *Lavender Culture*, edited by Karla Jay and Allen Young (Jove/HBJ: 1978). I also recommend Naiad's book *Lesbiana*, a collection of book reviews from *The Ladder*, as well as new and past editions of *The Lesbian in Literature*, a bibliography by Barbara Grier, also published by Naiad.

Literati Lesbiana

The Lesbian in Literature

Third Edition, Expanded

Edited by Barbara Grier

Naiad Press

Tallahassee, FL 1981

168 pp., \$7.95

Reviewed by Jim Clay

Any edition of Barbara Grier's bibliography *The Lesbian in Literature* is a valuable tool for a reader of lesbiana (lesbian literature, that is) and indispensable to a serious collector. Now there is a newly revised and expanded third edition that updates the previous ones of 1967 and 1975. It also includes photographs of eighty-nine of the better known authors.

Maida Tilchen's foreword "The Legendary Lesbian Treasure Map" is an overview of the bibliography's context. Tilchen is well qualified to write about lesbian fiction. Her article "Some Pulp Sappho," written with Fran Koski and published in *Lavender Culture* (Jove/HBJ, 1978) established her as an expert on the good paperback-original lesbian novels, otherwise known as "pulps." She has also made it her business to interview lesbian writers and preservers of lesbian culture.

Tilchen's foreword mainly points to the bibliography's compiler, Barbara Grier. As Tilchen explains, the history of the bibliography is typical of much of recorded lesbian culture. Although the bibliography "was primarily compiled by one incredible woman, Barbara Grier, hundreds of women contributed information for it."

Barbara Grier was known as Gene Damon to the readers of her regular column "Lesbiana" in the lesbian magazine *The Ladder* published from 1956 to 1972. The first *Lesbian in Literature* was an outgrowth of that column. Grier describes her *Ladder* years to Tilchen as follows: "In 1968, I became editor of *The Ladder*, and I had to write three hundred letters a week, edit the magazine, run a staff of fifteen people spread all over the

world, work a part-time job, keep house, read the books, and write my 'Lesbiana' column." In 1973, she helped start the Naiad Press and since then has run the lesbian-owned publishing company, which publishes only lesbian books. *The Lesbian in Literature* is the twenty-fourth book published by the Naiad Press. The 1976 *Lesbiana* is a Naiad Press collection of Grier's book reviews.

Grier herself has one of the largest private collections of lesbian books. Hers is an inspiring life. She has done much to preserve and spread lesbian culture.



Exploring Our Dark Undersides

Ambitious Women

by Barbara Wilson
Spinsters, INK, 1982
RD 1, Argyle, NY 12809
228 pp., \$7.95

Reviewed by Peg Cruikshank

Ambitious Women is an excellent novel about the importance of work, and of women taking their work seriously. It is also a fascinating story of Us against Them, Us being feminists in Seattle and Them being the cops and the grand jury. A complex novel, it also deals with questions of loyalty and betrayal, partnership, survival, and the evolution from heterosexuality to lesbianism. A measure of the writer's skill is that she also presents bisexual experience in a way acceptable and even interesting to an old, hard-core, unilateral intolerant dyke like me.

The cover of *Ambitious Women* shows two women, dyke types, running a printing press. Those characters in the story, however, are both straight, although one does come out later on.

Smoothly and intricately the author interweaves stories of three central characters: Allison and Holly, the printshop partners, and Magda, a writer for a leftist paper. Each is presented through her own thoughts and through the perceptions of other characters. The shaky nature of some feminist businesses is illustrated here, as well as the idealism, will to succeed, cooperative spirit, and sheer courage of women trying to strike out on their own. The women are "ambitious" in the sense that they want to be free of male control. But, as Wilson shows, this is not easy.

In addition to the central characters are a free spirit named Denver, a rich, downwardly mobile New England lesbian (a caricature for the most part; I wouldn't give her a degree in art history from Radcliffe — that's a bit obvious), children, lawyers, ex-husbands and male ex-lovers, ranging all the way from moderately shitty to outrageously oppressive and crazy.

The lawyers get involved with the feminists when Allison inadvertently becomes a target of the grand jury and is eventually sent to prison. Magda gets caught up in the drama but also covers it for her paper, feuding intermittently with her arch rival, the rich WASP. Holly, deprived of her business partner when the system crashes down on Allison with all of its stupid and arbitrary weight, discovers new skills and resources in herself. The ego boosts of radical politics are nicely shown through Magda, who is a sympathetic character because of her working class background, her grit, and her ability to recognize bullshit instantly. But Magda is a rather sinister character, too. She uses the movement and other people to further her own career goals, and emotionally exploits Holly. *Ambitious Women* well

illustrates the way love affairs get mixed up with politics.

At one point in the novel, Allison reflects that her politics look very different from different angles: to her ex-husband she seems to be "a crazy radical . . . an apologist for revolutionaries who went around blowing up grocery stores . . ."; to the terrorists in Seattle she is just a "liberal feminist who, with home, car, business, and moderate views represents the staidest elements of alternative society" (p. 61).

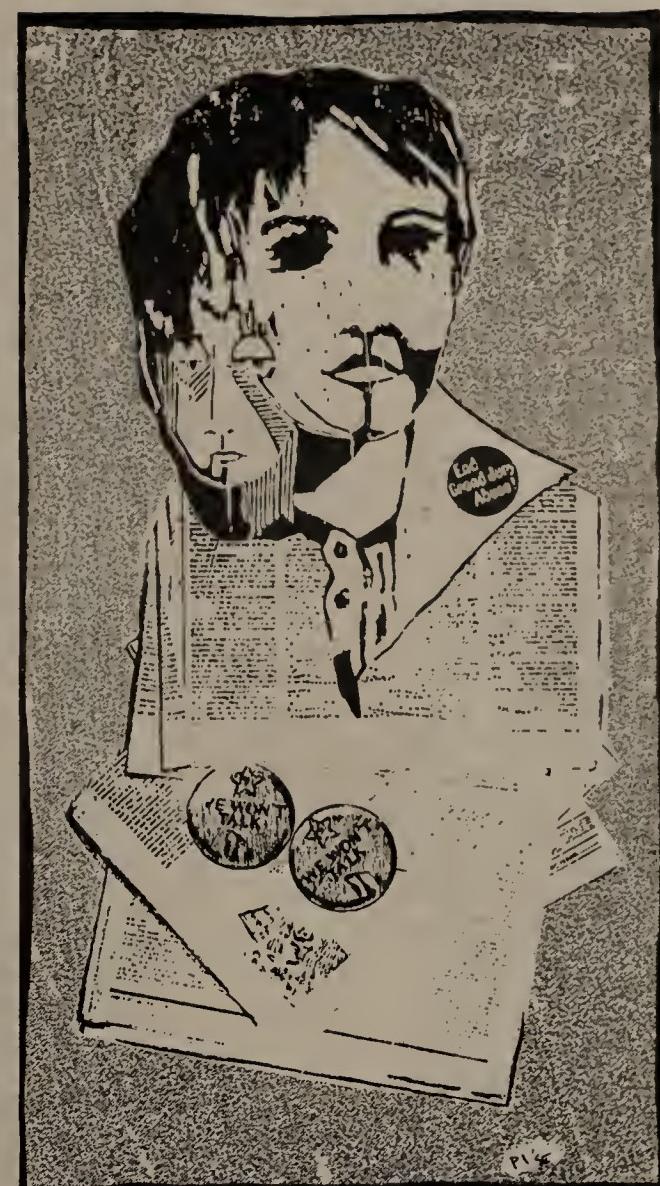
Another passage neatly sums up one of the central dilemmas for the present-day feminist (or for any other activist): "Compromise, compromise, compromise. If you won't, you're arrogant, idealistic, elitist. If you will, you're in danger of losing everything you want. Is it better then to give in, to give up, to start something else, or to hang around and try and make sure they don't take away from your project what little meaning it has?" (p. 65).

I like the way this novel examines ordinary everyday comings and goings of women who are struggling to change their lives. Luckily for the reader, there are no platitudes here, no hymns to the beauties of sisterhood. But we really do see, at least in glimpses, women at their best and strongest. They are ambitious in ways we can admire — for their friends, for their movements, and for their whole selves.

Barbara Wilson's novel is very well done; she creates a fictional world that lives on after you finish the story. Discovering a new writer is always a high. I had seen her name in book catalogues from Canada, so she is not really new, although she is probably just now being discovered by many U.S. feminists, thanks to *Spinsters, INK*.

This small press, in a short time and with extremely limited resources, has distinguished itself for the high quality of its publications. Calling it one of the best small presses in the country is hardly an exaggeration.

Ambitious Women is likely to be compared to Valerie Miner's *Movement* (Crossing, 1982) because both are new political novels. In the forward to *Movement*, which also has an introduction by Susan Griffin, Miner explains that she has tried to break through "the isolation and the individualism" of the novel of development. *Movement*, however, seems a bit thin compared to *Ambitious Women*. Certainly Miner has departed creatively from the usual mode of storytelling by interrupting the main narrative with short sketches about women totally unconnected to the main character, Susan. The sketch titled "One of them" is superb. And the work as a whole is marked by an appealing wit and wry sense of humor. What Miner does especially well is to create the feeling of the 1960's and 70's for a woman involved in the left and later in feminism. As Griffin says, the author gives us the sensibility of those decades — at least for a certain group of us who were young, educated, disillusioned, and anti-establishment.



It seems noteworthy that novels as different from each other as *Ambitious Women* and *Movement* share one striking similarity: a clear-eyed, unsentimental, at times satirical and even debunking view of the left and of the feminist movement. Apparently, the time has come for truth-telling. Are we ready to hear what a lot of pretentious nonsense was spouted by the privileged white youth of our time? I remember that at radical student parties in Chicago in the late sixties some of us would mock an old school song:

An army of youth
Flying the banner of truth
We're fighting for Christ the Lord
Heads Held High
Catholic Action Our Cry
And the Cross our only sword . . .

Now it seems just as easy to mock those students and young professors, our arrogance, our absolute certainty that the country would go to the dogs unless WE leaped heroically into the breach.

Both these novels shed light on the ways that our individual needs were met by our involvement in causes. Political commitment can't be reduced to some simple-minded *Psychology Today* formula, but the fact is that the left and the feminist movements gave many people excellent chances to work out identity crises and to bolster our self-esteem.

I respect Barbara Wilson and Valerie Miner for maintaining a respectful, affirming view of the left and of the women's movement, even as they explore the dark undersides of the two. It would have been easier to trash the revolution, to say it was all meaningless. The more complex truth is harder to get at, and each novelist in her own way has contributed to our understanding of the political life and lives of the recent past.

Valerie Miner's *Movement* will be reviewed in a future book supplement.

An Old Emperor's New Clothes

Gay Sunshine Journal #47 Fiction Anthology

edited by Winston Leyland
Gay Sunshine Press, 1982
(P.O. Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140)
192 pp., \$7.95

Reviewed by Roger Moody

Winston Leyland has dressed in new clothes. If I were a small boy at the gay parade, however, I think I'd marvel more at the Emperor's newfound nakedness.

Gay Sunshine Journal is now in book format, flexy and fleshy just like the other GS imprints. Gone — at least for the time being — are those incredibly long, usually engaging, interviews with gay writers most of us had never read (but should have). Gone, too, are those fascinating insights into the concealed parts of our own hidden history: the discourses on Arab boylove, or on underlying homophilia in the Wandervogel movement . . .

Sure, the poetry is still here. Nothing to write home about, though — not even the new translations of Dinas Christianopoulos or two rather leaden angels, winged to GS for its tenth anniversary by Allen Ginsberg:

heavy sad apart
from one or two I fancy
now I'm an old fairy.

As for the rest, a long and tedious extract from Ned Rorem's rambling rumbblings is no compensation for (say) a new text by Erskine Lane. And most of the stories are as predictable as a wet dream. There have, of course, never been any women worth talking of in Leyland's solar system. Even the kids aren't real — or, at least, relevant. In "First Communion," Torchia's kryptonite kid "finally comes face to face" with Superman. (Big deal!) "Sissy!" — extract from an autobiographical novel in progress by George Birimisa — deals with

the emotions of a small child in a seminary no more effectively than Michael Farrell did in *Thy tears shall cease* twenty years ago. As for "Toys" by Frank Chapman (boy crosses man's glance in department store; man picks up boy; mutual fulfillment back at the ranch) haven't we been here sometime before? Yes, indeed — in "A kind of fulfillment" by Don Ronk, published by Gay Sunshine in summer 1978.

The lead piece in GS No. 47 is Frits Bernard's novella *Costa Brava*, published pseudonymously in the Netherlands in 1960, in German in 1979, but not till now in English. "Classic of boylove" it may be — though only in the arcane sense of being neglected for twenty years. Revolutionary it most certainly is not. Rich Venezuelan

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Poetry for the Masses

Circles On The Water

by Marge Piercy
Alfred A. Knopf
New York, 1982
299 pp., \$8.95

Reviewed by Pat M. Kuras

I love People magazine; at least once a week it prints something that has me sputtering a guffaw. In a capsule review earlier this summer, they referred to Marge Piercy's *Circles On The Water* as a collection of her greatest hits. Makes her sound like Carole King, or maybe the Partridge Family.

Despite its trivial sound, the *People* blurb does carry some accuracy. The book is a collection of selected poems from several of Piercy's books ranging from 1961 to '81. And, as a review in *People* would suggest, Piercy may be a poet for the masses.

By her own admission, Piercy has poems about birds and bees, cats, Cape Cod scenery, seedlings and lettuce.

She also has poetry concerning rape, the general oppression of women, the solidarity of women, nuclear power, war, corporations and conglomerates. She has readers who love the nature poetry and ignore the political stuff. She has other readers who love her political work but can't understand why she would write about winter or Cape Cod dunes. Piercy says that for her the two extremes are "all one vision." She sometimes tries to bring it all together, as in the poem "A gift of light" where she juxtaposes her control of Wellfleet living with her lack of control in the face of Washington bureaucracy.

Piercy says, "I have always desired that my poems work for others." Her feminist and political poems are both supportive to those working in such movements and educational for those who are not. For her poems to be useful, Piercy hopes that there is something in her work that people can identify with and latch onto. As she says, "We are social animals and we live with and off and on each other." Her poetry can be seen as constructive building blocks of true-to-life experiences.

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Perrier and the Pursuit of Pleasure

The Homosexualization of America,
The Americanization of the
Homosexual

by Dennis Altman
St. Martin's Press
New York, 1982
242 pp., \$13.95

Reviewed by Martin Krieger

Homosexuality and being lesbian or gay are not things that just sit there waiting to be examined and analyzed. Their meaning depends on the socio-economic situation in which they are embedded; they have a history; and individuals understand the meaning of their being homosexual in a variety of ways. There seems to be no essence of homosexuality, nothing to be gotten at, fixed and set. Theoretical and analytical discussions of whatever it is do not get at anything. Rather, they are ways of figuring out how to act. They are means of interpreting our current ways of being homosexual, gay, or lesbian — and ways of not being one-of-them. Dennis Altman knows all of this. Yet his book reflects his training as a political scientist, and so he keeps trying to get at something, an essence of homosexuality, just what it is. The book is strong because he has good intuitions about the important facts of our lives. It is disappointing when he gives into the essentialist temptation.

I want to discuss four themes in the book: homosexual desire, the idea of a lifestyle, homosexuality as an ethnic identity, and Americanization and homosexualization.

Altman recalls Freud's notion of polymorphous perversity, that we humans are capable of having sexual desire for a wide range of others: persons, other animals, and objects. Homosexual desire is present in everyone, and only through socialization and institutionalization do some people come to think of themselves as exclusively heterosexual or homosexual or . . . There is nothing innate about being exclusively homosexual. All people are potentially bisexual, gay people suffering from repressed heterosexuality, just as straights suffer from repressed homosexuality.

Altman wants to make it more difficult for those who claim they are straight to ignore their homosexuality, or at least their homosexual desire. Also being gay is a perhaps too well-defined social role, and it is that distinct categorization that makes its stigma even more dangerous to us as well as being a limitation in one's personal potential. Of course he is aware of the great value of social grouping and identity, especially in its mobilization of gay people in the last decade or so. But, concomitantly, social control of gay people becomes much easier, and straight people can avoid their own homosexuality. He would prefer: Not only are we everywhere, "we" are in everyone.

Now one need not explicitly choose Altman's neo-Freudian position, or homosexuality as innate, or being gay as a well-defined form of homosexuality. This kind of choice and set of exclusive polar possibilities depends on there being something like "homosexuality" outside of any social matrix. But even simple fucking is never so simple. It is never outside of a social matrix that does not immediately entail lots of other concomitant meaning and action. "Homosexuality" as simple fucking is not an abstraction but a socialized way of being in the world. It may be analytically useful to dis-



tinguish the sexual act, or the sexual desire, from various social embodiments of it. But that distinction does not then carry over into the ways we may actually be as human beings. Simple fucking is a social way of being. To have something like "simple homosexual desire" requires great repression of the usual taboos on the part of people who are nominally straight. Those who are nominally gay would need to give up the desire to belong to an affirming group, to embody that identity. (Recall that this is just fucking, as such.) Fucking would have to have little to do with human relationships expressed in the forms of romance and friendship. Although lots of folks claim to have achieved this, I remain doubtful of their purity of heart. Love sneaks in — insidiously. Much discussion of the last fifteen years seems to depend on the intrinsic separability of physical gender from mental intentions. But our capacity to see just a prick or a pubis, or just have masculine behavior, as such, is a trained and limited capacity. Objectification is something we are brought up to do.

Altman's motivation seems to be a concern about the kinds of exclusivity and hatred that derive from people thinking that other groups of folks are not at all like them. People appear to cut off much of life's possibilities when they say they are exclusively homosexual (or heterosexual). Now polymorphous perverse or not, most of us are not so protean, so varied in our desires. There really is actual polarization. This may be due to repression and how we are brought up, and perhaps for a different kind of upbringing things would be very different. I do not know, but the evidence is not so encouraging. What I do know is that most folks are remarkably homosexual or heterosexual, and that they can realize themselves once they acknowledge those

rather well-defined passions. Limitations make it possible for people to grow and develop. And for minority groups the possibility of being just one way is extraordinarily important. I just do not worry that much about straight folks' realization of their homosexual desire.

Recently some of my gay and lesbian friends have confessed their heterosexual desires and even their heterosexual activities. (For gay men this is much less spoken of than for lesbians.) But these are not folks who are in the middle. Rather, it is particular members of the other gender who attract them, and it is usually for romantic rather than "simply" sexual reasons. (None are so eloquent as Lisa Orlando has been in these pages.) My suspicion is that once one is comfortable about being gay, there is then a real chance for heterosexuality . . . if you are so inclined. Group pressure for conformity is not so powerful as it was a few years ago. So I don't worry too much about my gay friends' realization of their heterosexual desires.

Before I go any further, it is perhaps worth emphasizing that this book says something, something that is worth arguing with and taking seriously. So my disagreements must be understood in the context of a book that is worth disagreeing with. That is no small achievement. It is part of a larger achievement of gay culture: the possibility of criticism and disagreement without always inviting schism or moralizing. For reasons I am unclear about it does not have to be a holier-than-thou hieratic world even though the temptations of orthodoxy are very great. I do not believe it is just a democracy of fucking. Perhaps gay people who would be most judgmental and separated-off are also closeted or have found no spokesperson, or in the case of the left they may be brought to their senses by the actions of the right. David Goodstein's machine editorials (or Sally Gearhart's politics) are actually quite radical, even if the rest of the *Advocate* (and surely *GCN*) makes him seem establishmentarian and centrist. Eventually there will appear a gay people's version of *Commentary* or Thomas Sowell, but how that will happen is not apparent just yet. But now back to the themes of Altman's book.

Everyone talks about the gay lifestyle, and we sort of know that it involves Perrier and yogurt and sex, but Altman makes use of the concept in an inventive and helpful way. Yes, the gay lifestyle in the United States is sexual and consumerist, involving promiscuity, publicness, and kinkiness, and acquisitiveness, conspicuous consumption, and bizarre product identification. It involves desanctified sex and blessed shopping, a cross between the Marlboro Man and the Vogue Woman, adventure in The Mineshaft and on Rodeo Drive, but no Gemeinschaft. Now not all or most gay men (and few lesbians) participate in this lifestyle, but it dominates and denominates their lives. It provides a forum for ritual and catharsis, and for the presentation of a group's self. Lifestyle is also a matter of fashion, and so it is not a self that is very stable in time. But although fashion is subject to systematic intentional influence, it is not completely arbitrary. Lifestyle seems quite mundane, but it touches, albeit tenuously, something essential and transcendent.

Lifestyle has not killed bourgeois romance. At least not yet. Sex is not so easily separated from vulnerability and the concomitant social need for an intimate and continuing other, as I have suggested earlier. Adventure has always depended on there being someone back

No Laughter, No Love

Borstal Boy

by Brendan Behan
David R. Godine,
Boston, 1982
384 pp., \$8.95
(First published by Alfred E. Knopf, 1959)

With Brendan Behan:
A Personal Memoir

by Peter Arthurs
St. Martin's Press
New York, 1981
297 pp., \$16.95

Reviewed by Harry Seng

"Excuse me, s-sir, b-but could yew get a t-thrill out of w-watching a boy of s-s-six undress."

— Brendan Behan to a passerby on New York's Eighth Street

Brendan Behan is probably best remembered as a celebrity rather than as a writer. In the late fifties and early sixties *The Quare Fellow* and *The Hostage* had successful runs in both London and New York, although some critics would attribute these suc-

cesses more to the directorial and editorial skills of Joan Littlewood than to Behan's authorial talent. He was one of Jack Paar's favored guests (on the original NBC *Tonight Show*), and ended up at New York's Chelsea Hotel in the very maternal care of Dancer/Choreographer Katherine Dunham. Good old Irish boy that he was, Behan's most cherished possession was an invitation to the Kennedy inauguration (would he have the nerve to insult even Rose?). Brendan Behan, court jester to the world, died at age forty-two, having worn out his welcome and the patience of quite a few devoted friends, restaurants, and bartenders.

Behan's only novel, *Borstal Boy*, was published in 1959, and was seized by Irish customs officials. Its subject matter, the capture and incarceration in a British penal institution for youth, of a seventeen year old IRA boy, had a parallel in Behan's life. He got a great deal of mileage in press conferences and impromptu public displays out of his IRA heroics, but later in life came to disassociate himself from the policies of that organization. The novel is weak on character development and too insistent as a documentary of prison routine.

Borstal Boy, finally, is a boring piece of autobiography trying to pass itself off as a novel. *With Brendan Behan* is a tawdry tale that purports to give us an insider's view of a literary celebrity on his way out — of this life. Both are repetitious, and both are unevent-



ful. The latter tries its damndest to shock us into meaning, but succeeds only in making us wish that this seamy, two-man carnival had been shut down on page 50. The only tension in *With Brendan Behan* stems from Arthurs trying to steal some of the limelight from

home on the ranch taking care of the cattle and bringing up the children. Love has many forms but it won't go away, and the recurring conventions about some form of monogamy as a realization of faithfulness and commitment demonstrate this. It may turn out that all of these monogamies are atavisms, but for the next decades they are likely to prove persistent. (The popularity of the gay related diseases excuse for decreased promiscuity is a sign of this, I believe.)

Freud spoke of Love and Work. Altman says comparatively little about the former and nothing about the latter. A very special form of love, domestic romance, and work do go together. They require a certain level of organization and reliability in life. Now the gay lifestyle seems not to involve work, except as a means for financing the rest of living. Maybe "lifestyles" never involve work, just as soap operas never used to worry about how people made their livings. But work is powerfully motivating for many folks, whether it is the projects they are up to, the people they see everyday on the job, or the role they take in society — and of course it is where most folks earn most of the money they have. Sex is powerful and motivating, but so is material need and fame and fortune and making things. Work isn't satisfying for everyone, or perhaps for most folks, but I suspect that it shapes lifestyle much more than is admitted in the writing about gay life. It is not only income, but also who one meets, vacations, free time during the day, and of course status and self-esteem. But my working class father never told me about his job, and so perhaps it is in that negative sense that lifestyle never brings up work.

The Americanization of homosexuality is the development of the minority group ethnic status of gay people, expressed through a claim that they have civil rights and advanced through organized pressure groups. They become part of the stratified mainstream rather than of a radical sexual or political movement. [And so gay people's (or at least men's) sexuality and sexual adventuresomeness is no different than Jewish learnedness or black musicality, an ethnic characteristic.] Americanization also involves, almost as a consequence of the deliberate ignoring of the polymorphous perverse character of sexuality, the fact that gay people are a distinct group. The group may be labeled, with perhaps even the stigmatizing label of illness. We may be everywhere, but not everyone is one of us. Americanization tames homosexuality. At the same time there is greater liberty for gay people and more freedom within their limiting definition.

The homosexualization of America has involved the widespread adoption of gay styles, gay culture, and gay lifestyles, and a recognition of them as being gay. Still, I am not sure that gay people deserve the credit they will be given for promiscuity and consumption, and whatever capitalism is, it is not in any straightforward sense gay. Gay people might be said to be active rather than reactive or passive in their consumerism, and in their sexual lifestyle, too. But active and passive are problematic terms when applied to consumption. For example, consuming semen is often thought to be passive, although the way some people go about looking for it, that is a passivity that requires great ingenuity and invention. Or as a straight woman friend suggests, "When the going gets tough, the tough go shopping."

What is systematically left out by these notions — active, passive, homosexualization, Americanization — is pleasure, as Altman is aware. It is in the nature of this book that it is an Americanization of inquiry, and pleasure seems strangely absent from it, too. The desire

Behan — no mean task — considering the fact that Behan lent himself vigorously to the publicity mills of Hollywood and New York. Perhaps if Brendan had poured that passion into his writing — but, no, he needed immediate gratification — flashbulbs before considered phrases.

When I received these two books in the mail from my editor, I hesitated. I knew the name Brendan Behan vaguely. Was he one of us? Yet another literary closet opening up? Having completed the books under review, I am repulsed by Brendan the man, and unimpressed by Brendan the writer. The only question worth raising, then, is: Was the monstrous publicity hound responsible for the emotional butchering to which he subjected those benighted souls who insisted on caring for him? (I do not include Arthurs as victim, as I do everyone else who had the misfortune of trying to treat Brendan Behan with kindness. Peter Arthurs had his sad, fierce vengeance: the parasite turning against the host.) Brendan Behan lived daily the guilt of a Catholic boy who grew up to desire other boys. Before we are tempted quickly to forgive his massive abuse of the world, we must add that as a pedophile he never tired of calling for the immediate imprisonment of all pedophiles. To remain closeted is a private matter; to call for the raiding of the closets of others is a public moral statement for which many would suffer.

Continued on page 8

for essential categories and for an earnest review of all the major issues may be too much for "homosexuality" to bear, just as sexuality can only do so much, being good for making love but not for all of one's self-definition. Homosexuality may provide only a limited purview on gay life, and homosexuality itself too much bound up with pleasure to permit sustained Americanized (in contrast to Francofied) argument about it. Altman seems to lose his argument, yet, importantly, he saves (his description of) the appearance of the way things are for us, as he did in his book of ten years ago.

Altman uses the word "our" every once in a while in

referring to his own position as speaking for gay people. That provided me with a lovely comfort. He acknowledges that he says less about women than he would like. But perhaps there is no single story to be told. The most masculinist assumption may be that there is a single explanation for how men and women are gay. So it is not quite "our" world since there are so few women, children, and parents, no family as there is in James Baldwin's novels (to which he refers). Altman puts sex up front, and that is good. In future writing I hope he says more about Love and Work and Family.

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Up Yours!

Anal Pleasure and Health

by Jack Morin, MD

Down There Press, 1981

(P.O. Box 2086, Burlingame, CA 94010)

256 pp., \$12.95 (\$14.00 post paid)

Reviewed by Tim Walton

"A book on how to get fucked!?" my friends have hooted. "Why not a book on how to beat off or how to wipe your ass?" Actually, Jack Morin, the author of the book under review (*Anal Pleasure & Health*), has written a book on how to be your own best lay (*Men Loving Themselves*), and the present book's been written because some people don't know how to wipe their ass — at least figuratively. They've abused their assholes from potty-days onward.

No one has measured the extent or severity of anal trauma resulting from toilet training, but it must be considerable. Some adults never touch their shitholes again (at least, unmediated by perfumed tissue paper), and very few retain the innocent glee of babies for their turds. Young boys are subjected to the rigor of keeping a tight asshole under stress, and even when they fool around as teens, macho delusions keep them from opening their holes to exploration. The lucky few who keep their buttings tingly rather than tight may run into trouble with their first few fucks. Getting a bozo to back off if he's hurting you is not age-old wisdom passed down from mother to son. (Even sis may get nothing better than "Lie back, spread your legs, grip the bedsheets, and think of the silverware!") It only takes a few bad experiences early on to set a bad attitude — your anus's, if not your own.

Many gays (I'd like to think most) throw off this culture's perversion of the anus — on their own, or with a little help from their friends. Our subculture with its high-tech pioneering into fisting and rimming has made garden-variety cornholing comfortable and old hat. As it should be. The anus is, after all, just a muscle (not a hole). It can be gradually stretched (like any muscle) to a general flexibility and then rather rapidly re-stretched for particular uses. Real pain (as opposed to a stretch reflex) shouldn't accompany anal entry and shouldn't be allowed. "Relax and take your time" is the counsel of the good gay sex manuals.

That's good enough for many. But some have become so traumatized that the mere touching of their hole, the mere "threat" of contact, is enough to send them into anal spasm — the "involuntary contraction of the anal sphincter muscles," which in Jack Morin's opinion "is the primary physiological mechanism getting in the way of anal pleasure . . ." His book, as its title suggests, is concerned primarily with anal pleasure, only secondarily with buggery (my emphasis in this review, according to my readers' presumed interests). Consequently, his book is mostly given over to the program for reducing anal spasm which he as a sex therapist has developed over the last seven years. The elements in the program are just what you'd expect from a contemporary self-help psych/sex manual: making friends with your anus, giving it a nickname, keeping a diary for it, doing sensory and tonal exercises for/with it, taking a look (a whole page of depicted postures for this!), copulating a feel, taking it on double-dates with a friend and his asshole, etc.

I've cut short the list of elements because I've caught myself becoming flip with them. The truth of the matter is that I share, to some extent, my friends' gut-level reaction to this book — even though it accomplishes what it set out to do (providing a program for men and women to reduce anal spasm) and though its goal is innovative and in some sense worthwhile.

"In some sense" — why this reservation?! Is it merely tired gay-lib cynicism at the "helping" professions (the new euphemism for therapists of all stripes), an overactive suspicion that they are not misnamed because they do help — themselves, to our money, and pretty freely? Is it the fear that therapy creates dysfunction (the way law creates crime), and a new control on our behavior is forged by the creation of this "ideal" of anal versatility? Is it a protective annoyance for the young and uninitiated, that what is for many (and should be for all) a simple, uncomplicated pleasure is made to seem in this book, by being made an object of therapeutic concern, a task of horrific difficulty? Or is it just a lot of bathroom giggling at



R E L A X

pompous adult discussion of kids' stuff?

I don't find any of the above arguments fully convincing, nor any one of them utterly unpersuasive. In fairness to Jack Morin — and to point out the irony of our situation — I should point out that he never so much as suggests that any person should be anally active or functional, whereas by contrast many voices in the gay community urge us to decapitalize our assholes, or open them to androgyny, or get them into the full swing of bar/bath versatility.

Nevertheless, he may not urge therapy because he doesn't need to. Gay men, I've no doubt, are battering down his door to be treated. And being treated well, I suspect. My doubts have nothing to do with the efficacy of his program on individuals but with its effect on our community. Truly successful systems of repression don't depend on the motivation of their individual participants. In the best systems, everybody's doing what he "wants" to do — and being repressed thereby. The difficulty here — and one of the great tasks for gay lib — is to find ways of celebrating our homosexuality without constructing ideals that constrict our lives!

Well, let me arrive at, if not conclusions, at least a bottom line. If I were suffering from anal spasm, I'd go out and buy this book. I recommend it for its stated purpose and intended audience. I don't recommend it for novices or initiates. Either *The Joy of Gay Sex* or *Men Loving Men* would be better. They are less involved and more inviting. Nor do I recommend *Anal Pleasure & Health* as a stimulant for the larger issues raised in this article. Its focus is too narrowly clinical. In any event, those issues are ones the readers of this

Dark Ages Revisited

A History of Shadows

by Robert C. Reinhart
Avon
New York, 1982

303 pp., \$2.95

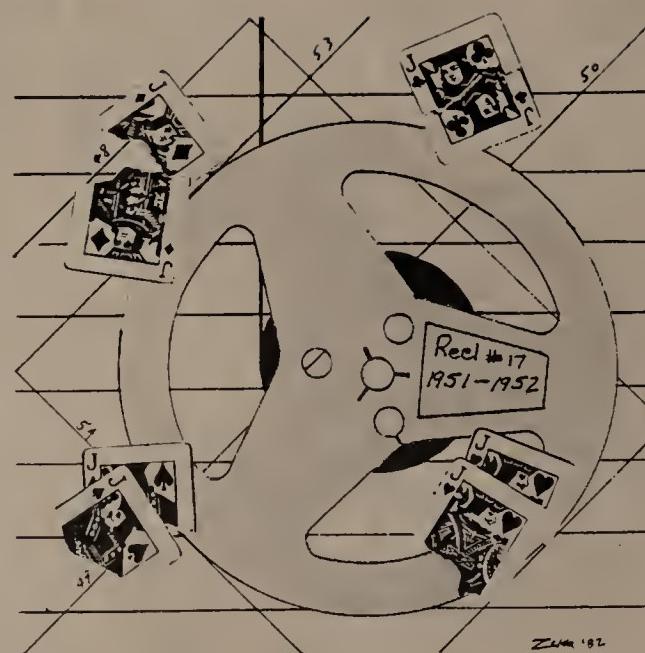
Reviewed by Will James

Most of us tend to think of the period from the 1930's to the mid 60's as the Gay Dark Ages, and in many ways, we're right. Gay people in that period lived lives circumscribed by fear, self-loathing and virtual invisibility. Given this, it's amazing that any of them survived those years in any reasonable state of mental health, let alone establishing positive, productive lives. But they did.

Robert C. Reinhart's novel *A History of Shadows* tells the story of four such survivors. Presented in the form of an oral history, it tries, and in many ways succeeds, in conveying a sense of what it was like to build a life for oneself when there was virtually no affirmation anywhere for what you were.

This is the story of four friends whose lives and work intermingle in such a way that they function as a surrogate family for each other. Billy is a designer, Wesley an actor, Robert an accountant and Carl a composer. Coming from middle class and working class backgrounds, they are all talented, all hard working, and ultimately, all very successful in their respective careers. They lead the kind of glittering lives that allow them to move from New York cafe society to Wall Street high finance to Broadway and Hollywood, with a few stops along the way for intense love affairs, shattered hearts, pathetic attempts to be "cured" and vicious McCarthy witch-hunters. Now all of this is, to be sure, pretty standard trashy novel fare. But *A History of Shadows* is not trash.

For one thing, it is very nicely written, with strong,



sharply drawn and engaging characters. The book owes a great deal to its form. Written as a standard novel, it would seem pretty stupid. As oral history, albeit bogus oral history, it is convincing. The incidents in the characters' lives are made less flashy and more poignant by contrast with the furtive, joyless background of pre-Stonewall gay life. Robert remarks bitterly, "If you were smart you hid the fact that you were 'that way.' You had to. The alternatives could be pretty nasty . . ." Reinhart presents, without too much melodrama, a vivid picture of what it was like to live when there were no alternatives to the closet.

These men grab for whatever affirmation they can. Billy says at one point:

Cocksucker was an awful word . . . but it meant that

my condition was nameable. I knew I was awful, but I finally had a name for all those odd feelings. I wasn't nothing. I was awful, but I wasn't nothing.

The strength of these characters is inspiring, even in the context of their chi-chi lives. They make the most of what they have and the circumstances they are in, determined to build lives for themselves despite the fear and even danger inherent in those lives. They do this in part by pouring enormous amounts of energy into their careers — although they find, as many oppressed groups have, that money is no guarantee of safety. But the only real consistency in their lives is their mutual friendship. Friends as Family is still very much a condition of gay life, but in those times it was essential. Disowned by their blood families, they had no choice but to stick together for emotional survival, accepting one another's faults in exchange for the support each could give and receive. Regarding Bob's rather thorny personality, Wesley says:

I've known him so long that I can't even judge anymore whether he's a nice person or not. By now, that doesn't make any difference . . . you get to a point where you can't give up some people, because you can't give up that much of your past.

This book has many weak spots. Particularly ridiculous are the introductions to each historical period. These are included in an attempt, the author says, to provide a broader historical perspective — the characters do, after all, lead fairly rarified existences. But these introductions are so fatuous as to be embarrassing. For example, one of them begins: "The thirties were terrible. America was in a depression." No kidding.

Still, *A History of Shadows* is an enjoyable and affecting book, worth reading both for its picture of our past and the wonderful strength of its characters. These men don't merely survive, they survive with style. I finished reading it with a renewed respect for our unknown gay ancestors.

Elementary, My Dear!

Continued from page 1

that two things were going on. Hansen is a master of the genre: well-written, clearly plotted, intelligent, the books are far superior to many of the mystery/detective fiction appearing on library and bookstore shelves today. The second, and probably more pertinent, reason, is that Dave Brandstetter, although most definitely an *out* homosexual, is also a very straight homosexual. Masculine, logical, good with guns, and ever-so-slightly disdainful of more typically stereotyped gays, he is a PR person's dream of promoting homosexuality.

But Brandstetter is not just queen as hard-boiled-dick (I love that term; it sounds like something s/m manuals tell you *never* to do). Hansen has given him an emotional life that includes lovers, tricks, a sick and ultimately dying father, all the usual problems of growing old. (I can't remember Philip Marlow or Sam Spade ever worrying about getting old.) In some ways he is even straighter than some of the older detective story characters since he believes in the system and is spending his life making sure that people don't defraud his insurance company. (Sort of the flip side of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and *Double Indemnity*, where you root for the crooks to win.)

What is particularly amazing about the Brandstetter books is that they recognize homophobia and the social conditions under which lesbians and gay men have to live. Several of the plots deal with the effects of right-wingers and religious zealots on the current social climate. While some books deal exclusively with insular gay life, most novels — most writing, for that matter — blithely ignore and obscure the current threats. To introduce ever-present homophobia unobtrusively into popular fiction is both enlightening and subversive.

Gravedigger is, alas, not the best of the Brandstetter series. The more interesting plotting of the earlier novels has been simplified and Hansen has tried to replace it by detailed and more intricate characters and personal relationships. This can work very well, and in something like *The Skull Beneath The Skin* by P.D. James, it does. But Hansen's characters are not all that interesting, and Dave Brandstetter, as focal point and main character, is simply not enough to engage us for even the short 183 pages of the novel. Hansen's last novel, *A Smile In His Lifetime*, was a "serious" novel and a terrible failure. He seems to no longer trust the structure and force of the detective story genre, and the reader feels short-changed because he is unable to execute the "seriousness" that he seems to be aiming for. (Of course, there is no reason why a mystery can't be a good "serious" novel anyway: there is no need for trade-offs.)

Gravedigger is ostensibly a search for a presumed dead man who has filed an insurance claim for his presumed dead daughter. What Hansen actually does give us is a series of reflections on relationships that range from the confused to the truly destructive. The trouble is that he cannot reconcile his intentions with his methods: you can't put *Middlemarch* into a less than 200-page detective novel.

Hansen has also written gothics under the name of Rose Brock (*Longleaf*, *Tarn House*) and I suspect that

he does not want to get pegged as a "genre" writer. The irony is that by sticking to the form, he succeeds in writing a much better ("serious" if you will) novel with *Fadeout* than he does with the less formal *Gravedigger*.

Cobalt is the second novel by Nathan Aldyne. (Actually, it's by the "Aldynes" since it's a collaboration between two locally-based authors who have also authored an excellent psychological horror tale, *Blood Rubies*, under the name of Alex Young.) Beginning with *Vermilion*, *Cobalt* is the continuing adventures of Boston gay bartender Daniel Valentine and his Friend, a straight real estate salesperson, Clarisse Lovelace.

Evolving from Holmes and Watson, through Harriet Vane and Lord Peter Wimsey, through the witty and sophisticated Nick and Nora Charles of Dashiell Hammett's *The Thin Man*, the combo of Clarisse and Val permits a neat fusing of the two strains in detective fiction. While Holmes was clearly the deducer and Watson the sounding board, Dorothy Sayers in *Busman's Holiday* clearly intends for us to understand that Peter has been humanized by his relationship with Harriet. In *The Thin Man*, Hammett presents us with a modern marriage à la mode. Nick and Nora are partners, trade wisecracks, and drink equally huge amounts of martinis. Hammett's *The Thin Man* is only a minor departure from the harder style of his other novels. The film version (1934) by W.S. Van Dyke, with its facile wit and stylish sophistication, is more of a model for the egalitarian coupling of Val and Clarisse. Introsexual and non-conjugal, Aldyne's duo represent the newest stage in the evolution of male and female detectives. Unlike Nora of *The Thin Man* films, who was always putting in her — often case-breaking — two cents' worth ("But Nicky, what if . . ."), Clarisse has no hesitation for getting right into the midst of things. The split between deduction and emotion, once totally dichotomized, is now equally split between two characters, each with half of each. The independent woman and the gay man have turned from objects of derision to icons of charm and fascination.

The Clarisse and Valentine books highlight an interesting juncture between gay life and mystery stories. Both *Vermilion* and *Cobalt* make use of the socially imposed strictures of secrecy and circumvention in the gay community: it is the perfect setting for literary deception, intrigue, and detection. In *Vermilion*, when police detective Searcy begins to investigate, he can't understand the camaraderie and sense of community among the people he meets; his mind goes wild with conspiracy theories.

Both *Vermilion* and *Cobalt* owe as much to a gay male sensibility gleaned from Hollywood as from the tradition of mystery and detective fiction. Eschewing more traditional forms of construction, Aldyne constructs each scene in cinematic terms. The page-grinding explanations and machinations that bring so many other mysteries to a standstill are absent here. Like a good film, the narrative runs smoothly, letting the reader experience rather than simply be told what is happening and why.

In many ways, *Cobalt* is an improvement upon *Vermilion*. During a P-town summer, Clarisse repeatedly

stumbles upon bodies; because it is a tight, close-knit community with lots of odd characters, both victims and suspects range from tricks, to close friends, to family. In many ways it's not all that different from Miss Marple snooping about St. Mary Mead, only here drag queens replace governesses and coke dealers replace vicars.

If there is a fault with the Aldyne books, it's that they tend to get overly literary and movie-obsessed, dropping allusions and little homages to other books and films. This is fun when it's a tossed-off line from *Mildred Pierce* (the James Cain novel, not the film), and sort of annoying when someone like Clara Petacci is presumed to be common knowledge (she was Mussolini's mistress). Other obscure allusions include Clarisse's given and surname (both are characters in a Samuel Richardson novel). But all in all *Cobalt* and *Vermilion* are far superior to a run-of-the-mill gay sleuth like *Death Trick* (St. Martin's), a 1981 gay private eye gambit set in Albany. They are comfortable in the genre, manage to have fun with both form and content, and, most importantly, deliver what they promise.

Any progressive step is going to engender some form of backlash. For every Joseph Hansen you have a movie like *Cruising*, or, more to the point, *Cruising* clones like *Final Cut* (Fawcett, 1980) or *The Dancer's Death* (Avon, 1981). Both paperback originals, *Final Cut* is about killings that take place on the set of a movie that is being protested by gay activists. Its most amusing idea is the *Cruising-within-Cruising* scenario. The plot is so confused that you can hardly follow the final resolutions (it has something to do with Irish terrorists who have not been in the story until then) and could care less. The book is not particularly anti-gay — you are led to think that the political homos are the murderers, but this is just a lavender herring — it's just a bad rip-off of a worse rip-off. *The Dancer's Death* is much uglier. A cross between *Cruising* and *Dressed to Kill*, it features the most implausible and revolting plot imaginable. Police Lieutenant Bonomo is working on a multiple murder case with his partner, with whom he is in love. Bonomo is also a flamboyant red-headed transvestite as well as a shaved-headed leather queen. Needless to say, he is also the schizo-paranoid-psycho-murderer who batters women to death because of his relationship with his mother. *The Dancer's Death* is so clear in its misogyny and homophobia, and so transparently plotted and written, that it makes painful reading on every level.

Other novels, while not backlash, trade in on the trendiness of gayness. Robert B. Parker's *Looking for Rachel Wallace* (Dell, 1980) features a straight hard-boiled dick who has to protect a famous political lesbian writer who is being threatened. The problem is that Parker's notion of the lesbian is a bizarre mixture of Rita Mae Brown and Ti-Grace Atkinson. It's not a bad mystery, and the title character is sort of fun and spunky, but there is little relation to real life. *Alicia's Trump* (Avon, 1980) by Joseph Mathewson is a real lightweight read. *Alicia Von Helsing* (whose name is an

Continued on page 8

Giving Up the Myth

Embracing the Exile:
Healing Journeys of Gay Christians

by John E. Fortunato
Seabury Press
New York, 1982
125 pp., \$13.95

Reviewed by Bob Roehm

"I am suggesting that since being in exile isn't negotiable, it might as well be embraced." This sentence is the key to the book, *Embracing the Exile: Healing Journeys of Gay Christians*. John Fortunato, author of the book, is a clinical psychologist, gay, and Christian. He is president of Integrity International, a group of gay men and lesbians and their friends in the Episcopal Church.

A copy of this book arrived at the newspaper office where I work. I did not want to read the book at first, because I have grown extremely tired of "Christianity." I have come to associate that word with self-righteousness and narrowness of view. But I read it anyway.

What an enlightening book! The author took the roots of Christianity and of Eastern religion, several theories of psychology and philosophy, shook them hard, and ended up with a very believable and practical thesis for a way of looking at life as a gay person of faith.

My spiritual world-view radically changed as a result of reading *Embracing the Exile*. It catapulted me out of any semblance of an "orthodox" belief-structure so that I am still wondering what happened. How does one write about such a major change of outlook?

Fortunato introduces the reader to "the myth" — the widely-held belief that we "really are in control of ourselves, our destinies, each other and the world." Because of this myth, people try to "be successful," acquire wealth, "move up in the world," etc. But gay persons are not able to be a part of this myth and are in fact excluded by it — hence we are "exiles."

We are not alone in our exile. Many others in history have been exiled from their homelands because of who they were or what they believed. Fortunato draws parallels to Biblical accounts of the Jews in exile, the early Christians meeting and worshipping in secret, and so on.

The challenge of the book is this: As gay persons, we need to "embrace the exile" that we are in and realize that we never have been and never can be fulfilled by the "myth." "Surviving and growing in such a world," we are advised, "demands that the gay person develop a perspective much larger than the societal myth itself — a spirituality much more profound."

Fortunato proposes a much more inclusive spirituality than any single belief-system allows. "Spirituality," as described in this book, is simply a way of viewing and experiencing life and may differ from person to person. Spirituality cannot be studied like theology or psychology and it cannot be described by stating a few so-called "spiritual absolutes." "Spirituality defies such conceptional reductionism," he explains. "Spirituality is not 'about' anything. It 'is.' Moreover it 'is' everything. It 'is' the journey, at least the luminous aura around all of the journey."

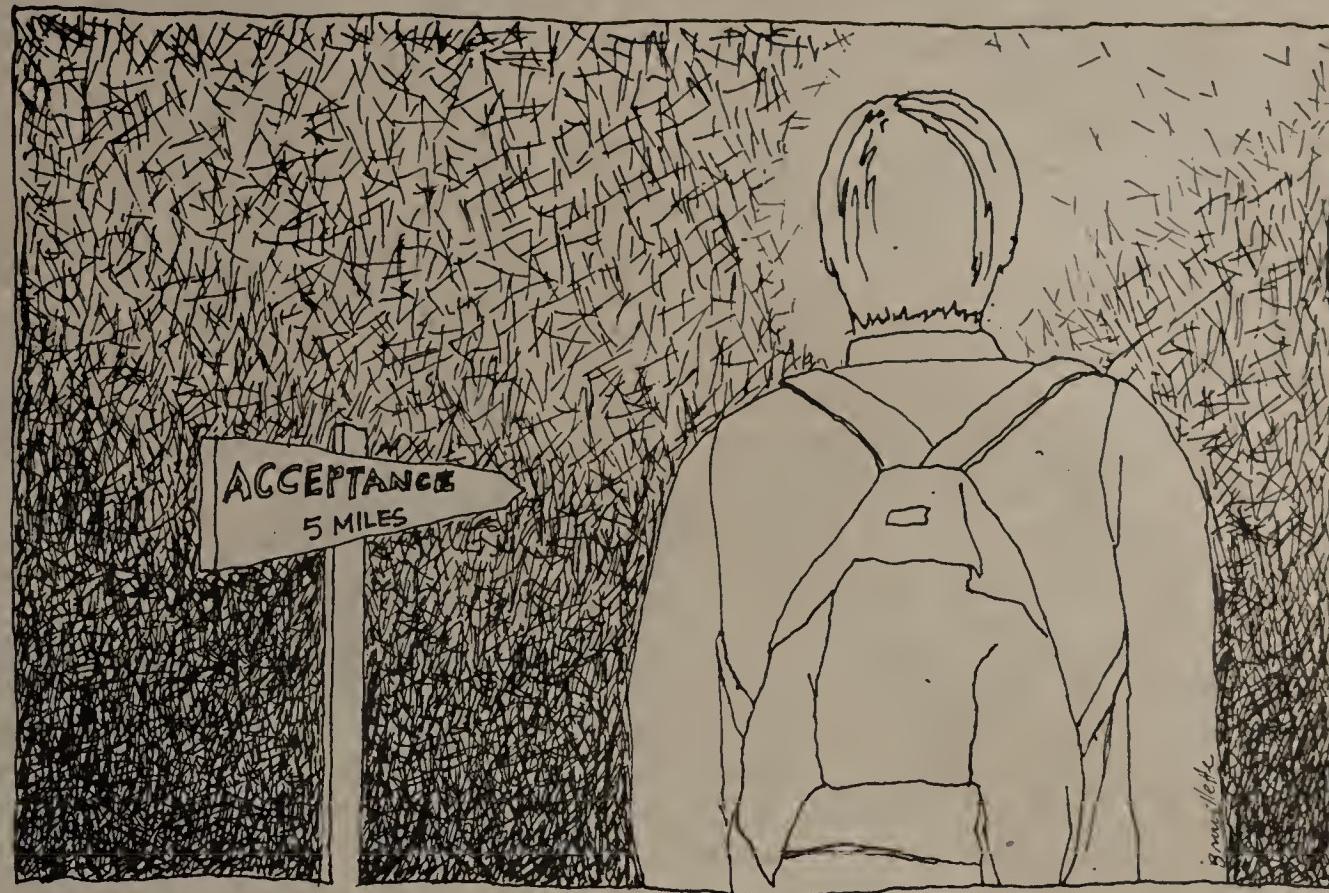
The book moves so freely from one belief system to another that I found the word "Christian" in the subtitle to be rather misleading. I was expecting to hear a lot more about Jesus or about the Bible than I did. I would have been tempted to title the book, "Beyond Christianity" or something like that had I written it. Undoubtedly, some will find *Embracing the Exile* to be a profoundly Christian book.

Gay Christians who need to have everything "proven" by the Bible will be disappointed by this book unless they are willing to consider sources other than the Bible. On the other hand, people who have some type of "spiritual" world-view and yet are tired of the exclusiveness of traditional Christianity will find the book most enlightening. I did.

This book was written for people in the helping professions, psychologists, pastoral counselors, and the like. Yet a lay person involved in a self-exploratory journey alone or with another could easily use the techniques and insights in the book for guidance on the "healing journey." Fortunato cautions us, however, to not try these techniques without further training.

Fortunato explains how counseling professionals need to focus both on the "psyche" and the "spirit" of a person at the same time. Traditionally, psychologists have focused only on the "psyche" of a person; while the "spirit" of a person has been left to preachers and others of "the faith." Thus, the separation of "psyche" and "spirit." But the psychological and spiritual parts of a person are in fact intimately linked and are both important to a person's sense of well-being.

Clients often ask, "Why me?" when confronted with the struggle of being gay in a world that does not understand. Traditional psychology has viewed such questions as a "disturbance of the ego" or something like that. But Fortunato explains how these questions ultimately are "spiritual" questions that can form the



beginning of the "healing journey."

Fortunato draws parallels between the Kubler-Ross "phases of grieving" and the stages that people in therapy frequently pass through. The parallel also holds for a gay person in the process of "coming out." First comes denial, then bargaining, then anger, then depression. Finally, if all goes as it should, acceptance. The "healing journeys" described in the book frequently pass through some of these same stages.

Realizing that one can never be a part of the myth and can never be fulfilled by the myth often creates a

feeling of loss in most except the strongest people. As Fortunato puts it, "We need to come to grips with the frightening reality that we must give up the myth forever."

If we are to believe what *Embracing the Exile* is saying to us, we need to "die to the old myth" and "embrace the exile" that we find ourselves in. We must awaken in ourselves "levels of consciousness far beyond those necessary for most straight people." Only then can we begin our "healing journey," our journey to wholeness.

Spartan Sparta

The Spartan

by Don Harrison
Alyson
Boston, 1982
175 pp., illustrated, \$5.95

Reviewed by Mark McHarry

Last January, when Gore Vidal was about to announce his candidacy in the Democratic primary for the U.S. Senate seat from California, someone at a meeting of the San Francisco gay Democratic clubs asked about the Gay Olympic Games and the U.S. Olympic Committee's blue-nosed reaction to them.

"My God," Vidal replied, "don't they know what went on at Olympus?"

Don Harrison's *The Spartan* will tell you the next best thing: what went on at Olympia, site of the ancient games. It covers the two-year odyssey of the 16-year-old athlete Pantarkes from his native Sparta to the sacred city of Zeus.

Forced to flee home after slaying the son of a high official in a grudge match, Pantarkes travels to Messene and enlists in the Theban army. He meets Theagenes, leader of Thebes' Sacred Band. They fall in love, but Theagenes and his army of lovers are soon slaughtered by the larger forces of Phillip, the Macedonian king.

Pantarkes next journeys to Delphi, where he enjoys a win at the Pythian games and hears ominous words from the Sibyl: "Fangs of blood, vanquished prey. Victory and a curse for you this day." Returning to Sparta, he both helps his brother overthrow the repressive Kryteia and saves the city from destruction at the hands of the Macedonians. In the space of three paragraphs, Sparta is caught up in Olympic fever and Pantarkes is off to the 111th Olympiad, where he wins an olive



crown but also fulfills the oracle's prophecy.

Die-hard Mary Renault fans or those who want a quick and detailed introduction to the original Olympics will no doubt find *The Spartan* worthwhile. For the rest of us, its improbable plot and pedestrian prose weigh against its enjoyment; the novel lacks the curiously dry intensity of Renault or the erudition and wit of Vidal's own *Creation*. Harrison's book offers an interesting athlete's-eye view of an important part of our past. Unfortunately, its dull execution makes tedious what should be exciting.

New Clothes

Continued from page 3

in Franco-ist Spain meets glorious 12-year-old son of fascist parents fleeing the wrath to come. They put to sea in a pea-green boat. Shipwreck! Separation! Sorrow . . . Ten years later, a chance meeting on a Spanish street. Recognition. Reunion! Revival!

"Santi, please don't consider what I am going to tell you as a reproach," says the grown-up Juanjo to his erstwhile savior. "But it is something I wanted to say ten years ago, but never dared to . . . at that time with me you could have . . . Do you understand what I mean? I have always felt it to be lacking, as something that should have happened in order to achieve complete harmony . . . If we had only experienced it once, then we would have had the memory of it . . . I believe that our tragedy — if I may call it that — lies in the fact that it is now too late and we cannot turn the hands of the clock back."

I suppose that passage was controversial more than two decades ago. Come to think of it, it's pretty controversial now in some quarters. But there's also something reactionary, even faintly homophobic, in the idea that two men who clearly love each other can't get it on together, simply because social mores manacled their desires some ten years before. And we should certainly be way beyond the little boy lost/rich man finds stereotype. (Why, on second reading, do I get an even stronger impression that *Costa Brava*'s hero was really on the devil's side in the Spanish civil war?)

Frits Bernard actually published another pedophile novel at around the same time as *Costa Brava*. *Verfolgte Minderheit* ("Persecuted Minority") still has its rarefied and artificial moments, but it is much more realistic, engaged and politically relevant (and, incidentally, more erotic). The Frits Bernard alter ego in that

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Elementary

Continued from page 6

allusion, I suppose, to Doctor Van Helsing in *Dracula* — can't people think up any new names for characters?) is an upper-middle-class New York woman who solves the brutal murder of her gay godson. It's the sort of book where adjectives take up more than half the page space: elegant sleuth, occult mystery, haunting Tarot, eminent New York surgeon (and that's just on the cover). *Alicia's Trump* blithely mixes gays and cults and murder and the occult, and boils down to a rather muddled mess.

More annoying than these spice-up-the-plot gay characters is the liberal, understanding, patronizing attitude that pervades otherwise better books. Amanda Cross (who is really academic feminist Caroline Heilbraun) goes out of her way to create a well-drawn gay character in *Death in a Tenured Position* (based somewhat on a popular Harvard lecturer and playwright) but then goes on for almost a full page to complain of the usurpation of the word "gay." Such ado about a word is rather revealing. As gay historian Alan Berube has pointed out, nobody ever complained about the word "queer" before.

The worst of this lot is a very homophobic novel by Susan Braudy called *Who Killed Sal Mineo?*. Braudy has a minor reputation as a magazine and newspaper writer and her book is a fictionalized account of what might have happened if a spunky NY newspaper woman went out to wicked, wicked LA to cover the real life Mineo murder. Like its heroine the book does its best to be smart and savvy; both are dismal failures. On the most basic level Braudy has trouble writing the most simple expository scene: people get in and out of rooms without your ever knowing it, days end or continue without the reader ever being sure which, important dramatic scenes are hopelessly bungled so we are never sure who's done what to whom. On top of this, Braudy hasn't even bothered to do her homework: she gives the wrong definition for "rough trade," seems to know only the most rudimentary drug slang, and has the least accurate descriptions of gay bars that I have ever read.

But her worst crime is her vicious portrayal of gay men: vain, selfish, narcissistic, destructive and incredibly misogynistic, the only good homosexual she can imagine is Sal's lover — who falls in love with and has an affair with the narrator. The only good queer is a straight queer.

After latching onto a good topic, Braudy simply doesn't know what to do with it. She reluctantly admits that Sal Mineo was gay (a hard enough trauma on her heroine's adolescent sexual fantasies) and then steadfastly refuses to deal with it in any realistic manner. The first-person narration is reminiscent of the Chandler/Hammett school; but all the tough newspaper talk masks the mentality of a silly, giddy, gothic bodice-ripper. This is a perfect example of a writer wanting it both ways: liberated, no-nonsense woman hero who doesn't give up an inch of the most trenchant, inbred, institutionalized heterosexuality. It's the sort of book where men are men and women are (sort of) liberated, and of course the really bad people are queers.

What should have been no more than a throw-away paperback original, *Who Killed Sal Mineo?* got major press, nice reviews, a large ad campaign, and extravagantly praiseworthy puffs from such writers as Susan Brownmiller, Diane Wakoski, and Robin Cook. It looks as though the backlash is stronger and more pervasive than at first evident. Not much mystery here.

Popular fiction — and the market for detective and mystery fiction is larger than in recent years — is a great indicator of public opinion. Just as the female sleuth became popular with the changing role of women, the new gay mysteries (and even the backlash) are indicative of new attitudes toward homosexuals. The genre has evolved — and can continue to evolve — to include any number of contemporary notions and options. The myth of sexual guilt has been discovered and exposed. Once only victims and villains, gay people can now deduce and intuit as well as any other sleuth.

Guilt, it seems, will always be with us, and reading mysteries and detective stories is one way of dealing with it. It just feels good to have our side on the sleuthing end this time.

No Laughter

Continued from page 5

This version of rectitude jars with Behan's pursuit of young boys in the dark hallways of Brooklyn's St. George Baths. This is a very self-serving guilt that allows itself what it would deny others.

And then there is the abuse of women in the Irish literary tradition. Peter Arthurs negotiates on Brennan's wife:

Although Beatrice represented the perennial mother figure to him, Brendan loathed the infirmities of females. This attitude endeared him to me even more. The painful barren solitude he imposed upon her without the leaven of concern somewhat distressed me, for the reason that her countenance constantly bore the mask of the betrayed. I admired this compassionate, patient, commonsensical woman who was totally void of grudge and incapable of rage or emotional outburst. Brendan was her manchild. I was her adopted. For the first time in my life, I felt needed, wanted and important. Beatrice was the ideal spouse for Brendan, always

on the go, a servile figure, washing, cooking, desperately avoiding eye-to-eye encounters as she hurried from room to room, avoiding his path and never venturing an opinion. When he needed to know something, with great cordiality he asked me his questions. When he felt the need to address his wife he always spoke to her in full octave range and from another room . . . She always responded to his call with instant fervor.

(p. 40-41)

I suppose Arthurs thought Beatrice was perfectly suited to be Brendan's punching bag as well, though I'm sure he suffered some momentary distress at witnessing such domestic battles. Peter Arthurs goes out of his way to assure us that his feet, if not the cock he occasionally allows Brendan to nibble, are firmly planted in the heterosexual camp. Of course, being part of the conspiracy of men, when at sea he did as the sailors did — a bugger here, a bugger there. He regales Brendan with tales of boxing clubs, but Brendan is never satisfied. The sad refrain heard throughout Arthurs' book, the private call to recite the litany of bawdy tales of priests seducing acolytes, ships' captains buggering cabin boys, becomes too pathetic when Brendan raises his tortured lament randomly in the middle of the night waddling down Eighth Ave.

In the "Afterword" to *Borstal Boy*, Benedict Kiely justly cites Arthurs for his unbalanced view of their mutual friend. Because Arthurs seldom gives dates, a disintegration process that occurred over five years in the book assumes a magnitude that is misleading. The barrage of anecdotes suggests a life constantly lived at such perverse intensity. Kiely wants to exonerate his friend, to attribute Behan's behavior to the effect of huge amounts of alcohol on a diabetic. Perhaps, but for a passage in *Borstal Boy*, in which the adolescent narrator can be identified with the solipsistic poseur, the adult writer:

... from my point of view I was as comic as I was pathetic and as comic as I was sinister; for such is the condition of men in this world (and we better put up with it, such as it is, for I never saw much hurry on parish priests in getting to the next one, nor on parsons or rabbis, for the matter of that) . . .

(p. 257)

It is this type of facile fatalism that makes it hard to have much sympathy for a man who would not forgive himself the sins of his flesh. The Catholic homosexual's heart is often frozen at the onset of the sexual longing that has as its object the same sex. There is no laughter in Arthurs' book, and very little in *Borstal Boy*. So much for the comic.

I am not richer in spirit after having read either book.

New Clothes

Continued from page 7

book gets thrown into jail for publicly embracing a fifteen-year-old who's already come out as a lover of men. A double pity, then, that we've been dished up the classic — and not the real class — of 1960.

For some years I used to look forward to the Gay Sunshine tabloid tucked discreetly alongside Gay Liberation front manifestos in Housmans, the only London bookstore which (during the early 70's) would stock it. It taught me — to paraphrase Dylan Thomas — "how through the gay fuse drives the lyre." If there were one publication which identified for me as a boy lover my gay roots/routes, it was GS. Now Leyland's baby is out of long pants, and back into shorts. Yes, we've been promised the mixture-as-before in issues to follow. But the essential journalism has gone and along with it, I suspect, those sprawling polemics which I, for one, had come both to doubt and respect.

Lesbiania

Continued from page 2

Grier's work has been inspired by that of another researcher, Jeannette H. Foster. Librarian of the Kinsey Institute in Bloomington, Indiana, Foster published *Sex Variant Women in Literature* in 1956 — "a pioneer bibliography" as Grier puts it. Grier maintained close contact with Foster when they both lived near Kansas City.

The Lesbian in Literature is "the most complete listing of writing by or about lesbians." It contains approximately seven thousand entries (twice as many as the 1975 edition), including "novels, short stories, poetry, drama, and fictionalized biography concerned with lesbianism or having lesbian characters." Grier adds, "We have also included much biography and autobiography, and we have been more inclusive in this area than we would have dared to be in 1967, a measure of the changing times." The bibliography does not index current movement periodicals. This 1981 edition has a copyright cut-off date of 1979.

The bibliography eliminates much of the tedious work of research. The coding A, B, or C after each entry indicates whether there are major or minor lesbian characters in the book or if the lesbianism is latent. "T" is reserved for "trash." This third edition has eliminated thousands of T listings from the first edition in order to make room for more recent hardbacks. Grier notes with regret the problem created by this policy — "the literary standards demanded for trash titles in the 1920's, 1930's, and 1940's probably exceed the standards demanded for mainstream fiction today." An asterisk coding system added to the A, B, C, or T indicates the quality of the lesbian material in the book.

What can the bibliography help you find? You may

be familiar with some of Mary Renault's novels about gay men, but what about her 1944 lesbian novel *The Middle Mist* (A***), set on a houseboat on the Thames? There are the many pulps, notably Ann Bannon's "Beebo Brinker" series (all coded A) from the latter 1950's and early 1960's. Jane Rule's excellent 1964 novel *The Desert of the Heart* (available since 1977 from Talon Books) also receives A***. May Sarton's *Mrs. Stevens Hears the Mermaids Singing* (A***) merits the following note from Grier: "This important lesbian novel, not particularly noted when first published in 1965 — except by May Sarton's devoted readers — was reissued because of the influence of the women's liberation movement on the publishing industry. Ms. Sarton is, at last, receiving the kind of critical attention she has always deserved, primarily because she came out publicly."

You get an idea of the criteria and wide range of what Grier includes in the bibliography when you find Hermann Hesse's *Steppenwolf* as a B listing and the book of Ruth from the Bible as a C listing.

This bibliography preserves and disseminates a literary heritage available to every lesbian. Whether you have available the bookstores of New York City or the tiny rural second-hand bookstores of Indiana, you can look for and find these books. *Lesbiania* helps to create a sense of community out of isolation. Thanks to Barbara Grier.

Poetry

Continued from page 3

The actual work and craft in Piercy's poetry is excellent. She has a keen sense of using language to express some thought or feeling with vivid imagery. Some examples: In "The death of the small commune," people leave, go their separate ways like "trickling seed from the palm." Righteous anger is described as "beautiful as lightning/ and swift with power"; "Seedlings in the mail" arrive "Like mail order brides/ they are lacking in glamor." Or, as she experiences the power of women together, ". . . the first raw winter/ of our women's group, both of us fierce as mother bears . . ." When it comes to conveying abstract thoughts or emotions with concrete words, Piercy has perfect pitch.

In *Circles On The Water*, Piercy has chosen poems of varying temperaments and types. In the introduction to this collection, she admits that not everyone (herself included) will find all their favorites here. I miss the poem "There is no known way to tickle a clam," as well as other humorous pieces. The most amusing poems I found were "Crabs" (not the sea creature-type, although she does cleverly use nautical metaphors) and "The poet dreams of a nice warm motel."

This volume of work is a very good retrospect of Marge Piercy's poetry as well as of days gone by — sixties communes, women's growth in sisterhood and a general barometer for politics of all levels. It is a book Piercy can be proud of and a collection which readers will enjoy.

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Bob Nelson

Gay Divisions

continued from page 1

taking shape. But what passed for political sophistication on the part of the gays and lesbians at the Waldorf was actually proof that the gay movement is becoming a mainstream institution, and as such is becoming vulnerable to all the prejudice and narrowmindedness that plague our society.

By the estimates of its organizers, the Human Rights Campaign Fund dinner was a smashing success. Participants paid \$150 a plate to hear former Vice President Walter Mondale recite his support for the Democratic Party plank calling for an end to discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. CBS cameras panned the audience of bright, successful and overwhelmingly white gay men and women, and even the *New York Times* sent a reporter. But the black-tie gathering seemed unaware of Mondale's performance at a Democratic fundraiser in San Francisco in 1977, when he was booed off the stage for refusing to address the subject of gay rights. And even in 1982, Mondale avoided using the words "gay" or "lesbian" in a speech designed to elicit our votes in his bid for the presidency.

Few of those present questioned which "human rights" the Human Rights Campaign Fund was dedicated to promoting. Presumably, "human rights" refers to the rights of all people to enjoy a fulfilled life, free of harassment. But in the HRCF's usage, the term has come to mean, narrowly, gay rights, and is now simply a propagandist's turn of phrase to avoid using the word "gay" — much the same trick that Mondale managed to pull off before an unobservant

gay and lesbian audience. Meanwhile, a few blocks from the elegant Waldorf dinner, gays were being beaten and harassed in ways obviously injurious to their enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The HRCF is the product of a movement that is becoming increasingly concerned with its own narrow self-interest — getting a federal gay rights bill — and less concerned with broader issues of social justice and feminism or the marginalized members of our own community. Middle-class gays seem unaware of the fact that isolated legislative successes are worthless unless they are accompanied by the kind of broad social change that swings popular prejudices in our favor.

As a political action committee, the Human Rights Campaign Fund proposes to further the influence of the gay movement by distributing money to candidates who have supported gay rights or who have opposed right-wing legislation such as the Family Protection Act. "Money Talks" reads the cover of a recent HRCF brochure, but what's more important than what money says is who's listening. That HRCF money won't be heard by the cops who went into Blue's Bar, for instance. For the time being, involvement in national politics is probably necessary to head off right-wing initiatives. But it is not through the HRCF's top-down approach that we achieve any genuine progress in changing popular perceptions about what it means to be homosexual. And by participating in national politics, the gay and lesbian movement is reduced to yet another special interest, like beet farmers or podiatrists. Are we

really effective in national politics, or are we being used to further the careers of individual politicians?

Vice President Mondale's major theme was that discrimination is economically inefficient, since the nation's human resources were not being utilized to their greatest extent. That's not a good enough rationalization against discrimination. People need to be valued for what they are, not for the economic contribution they can make to society. Why couldn't the gay movement sponsor community job training centers to help underprivileged gays, rather than political action committees, if our labor is so underutilized?

What the "human rights" movement needs to do is get involved in local communities to monitor the actions of the police and to prevent discrimination against gays and lesbians of whatever race or class. We need to be visible on local issues of concern to us, for it is only our visibility that will erode the attitudes on which initiatives such as the Family Protection Act are built.

The national gay movement will no doubt continue to seek legislative guarantees of gay rights, rather than dealing directly with those who infringe on our rights. Bars like Blue's will continue to be raided no matter what our legal status until the movement broadens its agenda to become a true "human rights" movement, concerned with all the human problems that exist within our community. And until we overcome the barriers of race, class and sex that divide our movement, politicians will continue to treat us as votes to be bartered, and our voices will continue to be scattered and ineffective.

Valeska

continued from page 1

favoring termination, told *GCN*, "If Frank Kameny wants to interpret [the group opposing Valeska] as a lynch mob, that's Frank's concern. My concern is that thousands of lesbians and gay men are putting money into NGTF and it should be productive. If leadership is not productive then it needs to be changed."

Kameny told *GCN* he has strong reservations concerning the hiring of Ginny Apuzzo to replace Valeska. "There are all kinds of questions here of politicizing NGTF. Ginny has done all her work in highly partisan Democratic politics . . . The NGTF directorship is not the place for partisan politics."

Gittings said, "There were certainly noises to the effect [that a plan to align NGTF with the Democratic Party was involved]. I really don't know how much weight to put on all of this. But it

was obvious from things that were reported, telephone conversations and personal conversations that were reported during the course of that board meeting, that something of the sort was at least partly involved."

The agreement reached between Valeska and the board of directors and approved formally by the board's executive committee during the weekend of October 2 requires the board to "reaffirm their commitment to carry out the organization as a broad-based, multi-issue, non-partisan organization devoted to garnering civil rights for gays and lesbians."

Concerning the allegations of a "hidden agenda" by which she was to be hired to replace Valeska, Apuzzo told *GCN*, "That is the biggest issue that makes me very reluctant to consider any offer from the National Gay Task Force. Frankly, I have absolutely nothing to gain by assuming the

executive directorship of the National Gay Task Force."

Kameny said that although he opposed the move to fire Valeska, he agrees with some of the criticism of her directorship. "A great deal of what they were doing was reactive," he told *GCN*. In addition, he said, NGTF had placed too much emphasis on the Family Protection Act which has been considerably weakened in recent versions and is not likely to pass and, in any case, is a congressional matter and therefore falls in the domain of Gay Rights National Lobby.

A territorial dispute with Gay Rights National Lobby was also involved in the equally controversial resignation under pressure of NGTF co-executive director Charles Brydon last year. At that time, NGTF was reorganized, leaving Valeska as the sole head of the organization.

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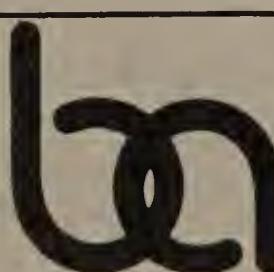
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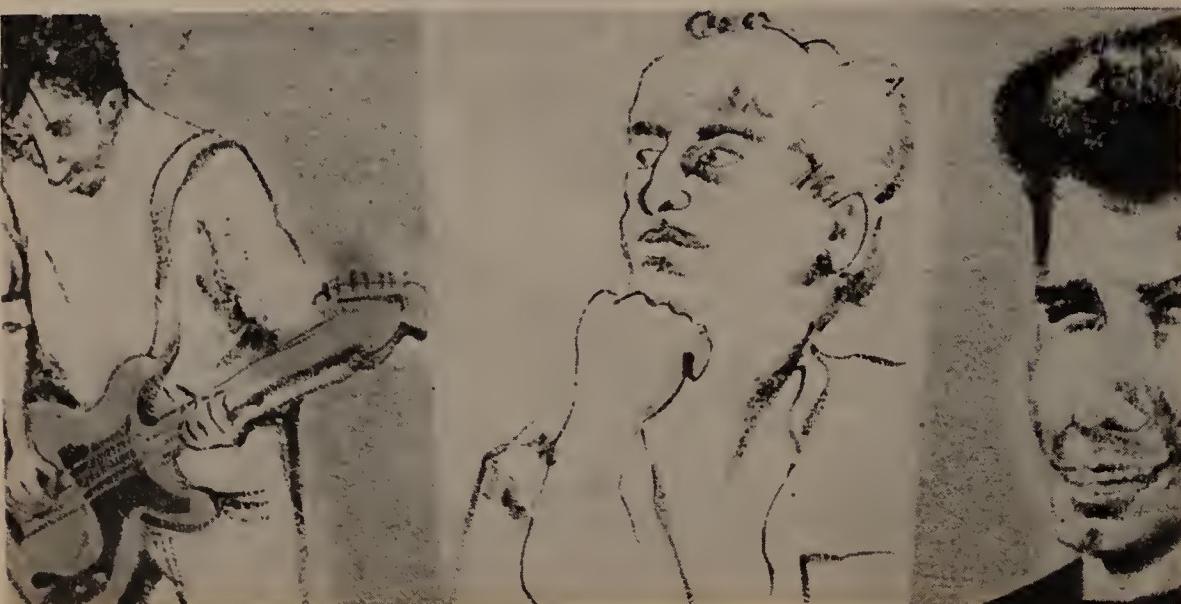
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Seven Wonders



The Seven Wonders of the Modern World L to R: Top: James Pitula, Ray Langenbach, Jay Critchley, Bottom: Rob Schmieder, Marie Favorito, Paul Volpe, and Sherry Edwards.



A portion of Rob Schmieder's *Orthodox Cathedral*: [It] simultaneously functions as a celebration of male flesh and as a sharp criticism of the cult of youth and beauty, which mars so much of our culture."

continued from page 7

Perhaps the "gayest" work in the show is Rob Schmieder's *Orthodox Cathedral*, a dramatic construction of wood, rubber, and paint in the shape of its title, complete with humorously phallic spires. The cathedral, large enough to walk inside of, is wonderfully decorative in its use of metallic foil, and pink and blue day-glo spray paint. Contained within this glittery and campy exterior is a shrine to what Schmieder calls the "26 Saints of the Orthodox Church." The Saints, depicted on the back wall in gold-hued paints on foam rubber, are done in an offhand, new wave-ish style, like religious icons painted by graffiti artists. The Saints, popular icons of male sexuality, run the range from Adam Ant to Shaun Cassidy, Frank Sinatra to Luther Vandross. Below the Saints are a series of texts about the male body, the most significant being Millicent Fenwick's quip, "If you want the rewards of being young, which is usually the admiring attention of men, then you are going to resent your body's deterioration." The Cathedral simultaneously functions as a celebration of male flesh and a sharp criticism of the cult of youth and beauty, which mars so much of our culture.

Also impressive is Paul Volpe's contribution to the show. Although at first glance Volpe's large paintings *Motel*, *Motel Interior*, and *Motel Ice* might be compared to the work of the hyper-realists, upon further examination they exhibit more personality and warmth than the cold aesthetic exercise which most hyper-realism is. Even in the desolate *Motel Ice* the colors are comfortably warm and subdued. The three paintings taken in series also have some vague connection between them that borders on narrative.

continued on page 13



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S^uSTaiN

**Gay
Community
News
at the
Theatre**

It's Fall, time to plan those casual dates, evenings with friends, and special nights to remember. And when you do, think "GCN at the Theatre" and get your tickets quick. It's another way to benefit Gay Community News.

Bent, a story of the persecution of homosexuals in Nazi Germany.

New Rise of the Master Race, a musical about the rise of fascism in America today.

Bent
Friday, October 22
at the New Erlich Theatre
539 Tremont St.
Boston
Tickets: \$12.50
Reception with the cast to follow.

Bent
Friday, October 22
at the New Ehrlich Theatre
539 Tremont St.
Boston
Tickets: \$10.00

Tickets available at Glad Day Bookshop, New Words Bookstore, and Redbook. Or by mail from Gay Community News.

MAIL ORDER COUPON

(Must mail 10 days prior to performance date.
Include money order and SASE.)

Bent (10/22) \$12.50 x ___ tix = ___
New Rise (10/30) \$8.00 x ___ tix = ___

Name _____

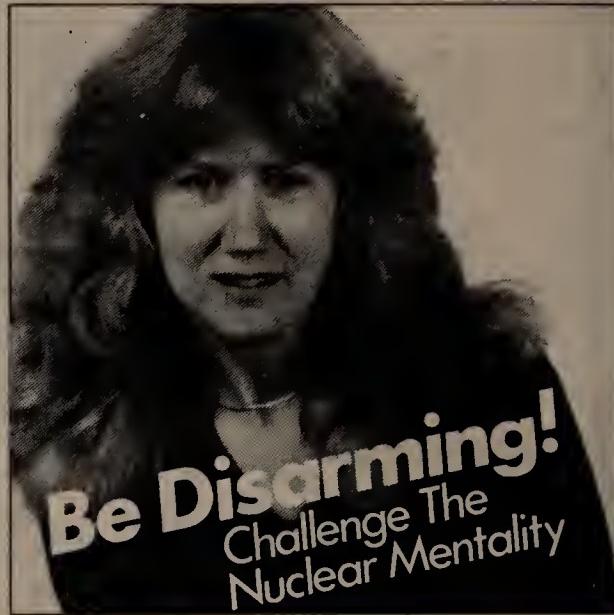
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**Send to: Gay Community News
167 Tremont St. 5th Fl.
Boston, MA 02111**

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Seven Wonders

Continued from page 10

A series of prints based on what appear to be old family photographs complement and extend the personal and narrative tendencies in Volpe's work. The prints document — in muted primary colors, except for everyone's lips, which are a disarmingly sexy red — a family vacation. The works have an appealingly trendy 1950's look to them; and despite the specific associations they may have for the artist, the prints have an odd allure and universality which is available to any viewer.

Jay Critchley's sculptures, sand-covered objects from daily life which are meant to be unearthed in a thousand years by future archaeologists, are also invested with a personal warmth and humor. His *Bicycle*, which is dated from "the post-Sputnik era," comes complete with a taped interview with the bike's previous owners, three children from Provincetown. The work emphasizes that our future history is found as much in our personal life as in world events.

History is also the concern of Marie Favorito, although she focuses not on small personal histories but on larger issues, such as the disarmament movement. Favorito's subject matter is a unique one, rarely if ever treated in recent art: political rallies. She is represented in the show by three pieces, all of them color xeroxes in which pictures of political rallies

are superimposed over a punky, paint-splattered background. The colors are garishly alive and in the most vibrant of the works, *Why?*, the picture of the rally has been superimposed over itself in different tints in a way that gives it a sense of motion and activity, almost like a color television. The image in *Why?* appears to have been taken from a newspaper and this, along with the TV effect, makes her work seem smartly media-conscious. Favorito is providing us with documentation of our history, documentation that is otherwise left to the distortions of the mass media which are implicitly criticized in *Why?*.

Sherry Edwards is another artist who works in the color xerox medium. In fact, both Edwards and Favorito are involved with Plastic Image, a color xerox workshop and gallery located, in what might be called the SoHo of Boston, on Thayer Street, just off the Dover stop on the Orange Line. Plastic Image, like Gallery East, is another hot spot of independent activity which is well worth the investigation. Edwards' work in the Gallery East show lies somewhere between printmaking and sculpture. In *Shoe Form* and *Coca-Cola* color xeroxes of a wooden shoe form and a distended bottle of Coca-Cola hang on the wall while below each print lie, scattered on the floor, actual shoe forms and melted bottles of Coca-

Cola. Perhaps these works offer a visual/verbal joke on the word reproduction, since above is the graphic reproduction of a specific item, while below lies the actual item literally reproduced many times over.

The work of James Pitula is also pervaded by a playful sense of humor. Pitula is best represented by a small series of collages based on photographs of the wedding of Elvis and Priscilla Presley which function as both camp artifact and a spoof of straight culture.

The most problematic work of the show is that of Ray Langenbach. *The Bride*, a very handsome environmental sculpture of wood, sand, gauze and fluorescent lighting, remains nothing more than pleasant to look at. In a show in which so many of the artists seem to be struggling to forge a style that emerges from both their artistic interests and personal, political, and sexual issues, a work like this, attractive as it is, seems a little out of place. Langenbach is perhaps the most polished and developed of the artists in the show, but the polish has removed him from the vitality that is expressed in so much of the others' work. It is essential, if this vitality is to persist, that gay and lesbian artists and art enthusiasts demand that greater attention be paid to their contributions to past and present art history.



"Even in the desolate *Motel Ice* (by Paul Volpe) the colors are comfortably warm and subdued."

1234567

THE 7 WONDERS
OF THE
MODERN WORLD
Jay Critchley
Sherry Edwards
Marie Favorito
Ray Langenbach
James Pitula
Rob Schmieder
Paul Volpe

September 21-
October 16, 1982

Opening Reception
Saturday, September 25
3-6 p.m.
Gallery hours
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Rob Schmieder 266-4405

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PERSONALS

MOUSIE MOUSIE WILDFLOWER

The sun was bright
The day was fair
And water was sprinkled
here and there.
Would it have helped
six months ago
To have water sprinkled
To and fro??
I love you more than I think all
that stuff is hogwash.
All my love, Porcupine.

Top o' the evenin'
to you. I love your body. You're a peach
and a pumpkin — sometimes a beautiful long-legged bird or even a horse! —
always a surprise. I love all of you.

BOB ANDREWS

Thanks for the you know what. I will
love it and always think of you.

ONCE IN LOVE WITH AMY '83
Spike — met U at S'More last wk & ctn
gt U outta my mnd I am JLF 23, 5'4" T
or B MITAA swtshrt lk piano bars lets
set the date! Cntct me thru Miriam x
7457 use well thy freedom & marry me
— H. (13)

LYNN 100 N MEXICO

How come you pointed the finger at
me? I wish I knew who was making the
phone calls so I could prove your mis-
trust of me was wrong. I'm trying to
heal by staying away from woman that
just came out. Hope, Love, Christie. (13)

FOR MERRY'S FRIENDS

I showed up only a year ago and tried to
put down roots real fast. I needed to
feel like I had a home in-between road
trips. I succeeded too well. You've been
strong, fun, supportive & caring. You
welcomed me in & held me up & took
my shit & shared your beauty. I love you
all: friends, LL'ers, lovers, dance par-
ners, & the smile-across-the-room
women who I never got to know. Thank
you, thank you for everything — even
for making leaving so hard. I miss you
more than you can know. Love,
Merry. (13)

Tuftonboro NH & surrounding towns: 3
GM in 20's want to meet other singles &
couples nearby for dinner & conversa-
tions, especially non-smokers. Write
Tim Brown Box 1277 Conway, NH
03818. (13)

TOPMAN WANTED
GWM cpl 20's masc, attractive lkng
/well hung rugged top /fantasy 3/way.
Ltr & foto to PO Box 3695 Portland,
Maine 04104, super hot!!! (13)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, IRIS
I hope this is a wonderful, magical year
for you. I love you bunches! Me. (13)

GWM LONELY SKS FRND-LOVER
GWM 45, 5'10", 175 endwd gdkg sks
yng M 18-45 true frnd lvr rltsp. Cn be
hsboy free bd allowance skg gd home I
am sncr lvg. Stanley PO Bx 2042 Htd
CT 06145. (13)

RADCLIFFE LESBIANS

Students, alum, staff, friends invited to
LARC mtg, Oct 23, 11 AM at Alumnae
House, 79 Brattle St. Potluck. (14)

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Details free, no time limit SASE to
R.E. Main, 70 Government St
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Tickets now available to GCN benefit
performance of the highly acclaimed
play, NEW RISE OF THE MASTER
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(Mass College of Art, Boston). Tix are
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02111. Inc SASE w/ money order at
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Women's Band needs drummer, key-
board & bass player to gig & do studio
work. T-40, funk, jazz, R&B, originals.
Shani 731-8971. Mon/weekends. (13)

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new friend w/some emotional commitment,
also in gd shape or lifter. Am into
massage, meditation (TM), films theater,
reading about recent & current
history, social sciences. No strong prefer-
ence, but am especially into Latins,
Hispanics & foreigners. I am and seek a
man who is at peace w/self & world. I
am not, but enjoy people who are, reli-
giously centered. Prefer straight acting,
under 38, sexually versatile. Possibility
of long term relationship. Box 150, 104
Charles St, Boston, MA 02108. (13)

RACQUETBALL PLAYOFF CLUBS
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er at Needham Playoff Club looking for
same for eve games. My club or yours?
Carol 969-1779 evens. (13)

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make friends w/women 45 or over. Rose
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tionship. Write GCN Box 593. (13)

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shops for gay men Nov 26-28, some-
where between New York City and
Wash DC. If you are interested in
attending or organizing, or know of
possible sites, write Dee Michel, GCN
Box 971, Boston, MA 02103.

We say we're into social change. We
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where we take care of each other. But
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actually do little things for each other?
If you have a short span of time (2-3 hrs)
to spend hanging out with a child or
teenager of a lesbian mother approx
once every 2 wks (consistently & depend-
ably), you can change the world. For
more info call Julie after 6 pm week-
days, 491-5020. (?)

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L ov 35. L or can travel to support ex-
quisite dinning romantic nites wnt n-smk
humr discret femnst. GCN Box 594. (16)

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Christmas decorations for gay men.
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MISCELLANEOUS

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for more info.

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are committed 2 fun polts cozy but in-
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Business: \$6.00 per week for 4 lines (35 units per
line), 50¢ for each additional line. Headlines are \$1.00
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Box numbers are \$1.00 for 6 weeks, you may pick up
mail at the GCN office Mon.-Fri., 10-6. If you wish
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1 flute \$150; 1 handmade violin \$250
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MEG AND CRIS AT CARNegie
We can't go, can you? Two tickets for Nov 26, 7 pm show. Orchestra seating. \$25 each. (817) 926-7565, Mary or Laurel. Keep trying. (13)

LIFT YOUR SPIRITS!
T-shirts for strong minded women. 10 beautiful designs. Send for free catalog. Shell Graphics, PO Box 482, W. Somerville, MA 02144. (15)

GCN SPECIALS

WE NEED A HOME
within a home, that is. We are arrived, but some of us are either deskless or crammed into inadequate pieces of furniture. For instance, N. Walker would really love another big metal desk like the one that went down in flames... but there are many other kinds we could use. Use your imagination... and if you have a desk to throw our way (working out, right?) call Mike Riegler at the usual number: 426-4469. Thanks.

ORGANIZE US!
Losing our old office unsettled a lot of us, and now we suddenly understand the value of things like desk organizers (those darling little things that keep your pens, pencils, paper clips, etc from going astray) and stacking trays for letters (fan mail, hate mail, outgoing male, in-coming male, oops, well, excuse me...) if anybody wants to bestow such gifts upon us, please call Michael at 426-4469 and he'll tell you how... Thanks.

WE'RE AT IT AGAIN!
Yes, we're asking you for still more help. This time it's to help us move into our new, permanent office. It's really a great location, but we have to fix it up and make it look more like home. We need paint, brushes, etc. and/or the ability to use them plus carpentry and so forth during the last two weeks in Sept and possibly all of Oct (it depends on how fast we get things done). Also we need strong backs and healthy vehicles to do the actual moving. As usual, Mike Riegler is coordinating this massive effort, and he would like anyone wishing to get involved in the undertaking to give him a call at 426-4469. We all thank you very much.

MICROFILM READER WANTED
The GCN staff would love to be able to read its back issues on microfilm, but cannot afford to buy a film reader. If anyone has access to a used one or would like to donate one to the office, please call Mike at 426-4469.

THANKS TO ALL WHO ARE HELPING
Putting an office together from scratch (and soot and charred remains) is a tremendous undertaking. It would be impossible without all those donations of cash, material, and effort that you folks have been giving us. We appreciate it, really and truly.

NO PLACE TO FILE
If someone out there has a one or two-drawer letter size file cabinet, N. Walker would really appreciate it for the classifieds. Her files went up in smoke, as you are no doubt well aware by now. Please call Mike at 426-4469 and he'll tell you how to get it to us. Thank you very much.

EX-GAYS
& former lesbians wanted: people who have changed (or who have tried to change) their orientation from homo- to heterosexuality. Your experiences are needed for a GCN article on the subject. Please send first name and way to contact to GCN Box 655. All replies will be held in strictest confidence.

FOLDING TABLES NEEDED
For the Friday night folding and stuffing crew (sounds good, doesn't it???) and various assorted other entities, we could use large folding tables. Anyone wishing to give us such items, please call Mike at 426-4469. We love you.

If you wish to respond to a GCN Box number in any of our ads, send to GCN, 167 Tremont St, 5th Fl, Boston, MA 02111, Attention: Classifieds Box

ORGANIZATIONS

WOMEN PRINTERS
Type-setters, press operators, strippers, bindery-workers, are invited to join us in regular pot-luck meetings. Compare notes about your job — hear informal talks on occupational safety, union organizing, etc. — help work on a newsletter and other projects. For meeting times and locations call 266-6644.

SOCIALIST-FEMINISM DISCUSSION BULLETIN
articles on: Trends in the women's mvt, reproductive rights, lesbian/gay liberation, community org, working women, soc-fem theory. Available from: Solidarity, a Socialist Feminist Network, 4360 23rd St, SF, CA 94114. \$3.95 (inc. postage).

BOSTON LESBIAN/GAY CATHOLICS
Dignity/Boston sponsors a liturgy for Lesbian/Gay and concerned Catholics every Sunday at Arlington Street Church (Boston), right side entrance on Arlington St., at 5:30 pm. For info call Dignity/Boston MF 7-10 pm, Sun 2-5 pm, 536-6518. DIGNITY/BOSTON, 355 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02114 (c)

NGTF NEEDS YOU
Join with the largest, fastest growing gay civil rights group in the country! The National Gay Task Force works with a professional staff on media representation, national legislation, information clearinghouse, religious reforms, corporate non-discrimination work — join now. \$20 membership (\$5 limited income) includes Newsletter, NGTF, 80 Fifth Ave. Rm. 1601, New York, NY 10011.

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GAY/LESBIAN AND JEWISH?
Am Tikvah welcomes you. Activities include religious observances, discussions, potluck dinners, folk dancing, etc. For events, check GCN Calendar, call (617) 782-8894 or write PO Box 11, Camb, MA 02238.

Are you interested in forming a gay Communal Retirement Center? Join others in the Ganymede Society who are forming now. Write: Ganymede Society, c/o Kari Volk, 43 Whittier Blvd, Poughkeepsie, NY 12603.

IDENTITY HOUSE
Lesbian, gay, bi, peer counseling and groups. Rap groups: 2:30-5 pm Sat. for women, and Sun. for men. Free walk-in counseling. Sun-Tues. 6-10pm. Donations accepted. 544 Ave. of Americas, NYC. (212) 243-8181.

NH LAMBDA
A LESBIAN Organization. Box 1043, Concord, NH 03301. Concord: 224-3875, 746-3339; Dover/Portsmouth: 431-1541. CRISIS LINE: 483-2592, Sun, Mon, Wed 6-9 pm. A statewide organization meeting the third Saturday of every month. Support, education and political action, since 1976. (45)

D.O.B.
Suppt orgnztn for lesbians, 1151 Mass Av, Camb, Old Bap. Raps every Tues, Thurs 8 pm; 35 pls rap 2nd Wed, last Fri. 8 pm & 3rd Sat. 7 pm; Parents & Co-parents rap 1st & 3rd Mons, 8 pm. Softball every Sun 3 pm Apr-Sept, weather permitting. Magazine Fld. Bimonthly mag FOCUS \$8. Mnthly social & fundraising event. Info & office hrs 661-3633. All women invited to participate.

PUBLICATIONS
WHY DID RITA MAE BROWN SAY "... lively, provocative and beautiful to look at..." about MAENAD, a women's literary journal? FIND OUT! #7 Freeing the Aliens Within; #8 Bonding (Fall 82); #9 Where Are You as a Woman? (Winter 83); #10 These Are The Facts (Spring 83); \$16/yr, \$24/Instl, \$4.50/copy. Bookstore Rates. MAENAD, PO Box 738, Gloucester, MA 01930. (2378)

THE BOSTON GAY REVIEW
A quarterly of criticism devoted to the Arts and our developing lesbian and gay male lifestyles in general, with a particular interest in small press publication, welcomes review copies, authors' queries, and subscriptions: \$5.00 for 6 issues, Box 277, Astor Station, Boston, MA 02123. (c)

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Subscribe to BIG MAMA RAG, a monthly feminist newsjournal. \$6 per year, \$10 outside the U.S. FREE to prisoners. Contact BMR, 1724 Gaylord, Denver, CO 80206.

FOCUS

A Journal for Lesbians. America's oldest literary mag for lesbians. 11 yrs continuous publication. Fiction, poetry, reviews, essays, graphics. Quality our only criterion. Submissions as well as subscriptions always welcome. Or come see us, first Weds of the month. 7pm at OCBC, 1151 Mass Av, Camb, MA 02138, or DOB office. \$8/yr for 6 issues. \$1.35 + 40¢ postage for sample copy. \$10/yr for libraries. Plain envelope. For further info (617) 259-0063.

Free lesbian catalogue of books, send two 15¢ stamps. Womankind Books, Dept GCN, 1899 New York Ave., Huntington Station, NY 11746 (516) 427-1289. (12)

GUARDIAN: Independent radical news-weekly. Covers Gay, women and minority struggles, and international progressive movements. Special offer 4 issues FREE. Write Guardian Dept. GCN, 33 W 17th St, NY NY 10011. (ex)

Monthly calendar of women's events in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. \$1 for sample issue, \$7.50 per year. Write: Full Circle, P.O. Box 235, Contoocook, NH 03229. (15)

PLEXUS

San Francisco Bay Area Women's Newspaper since 1974 brings you monthly feminist news, reviews, features, community forum, calendar & more. Subs are just \$8/yr; sample copy \$1.545 Athol Ave., Oakland, CA 94606. (1/mo)

New Spring lesbian/feminist annotated booklist for \$1.00. Womansplace Bookstore, (GCN) 2401 N. 32nd St., Phoenix, AZ 85008. (41-10x)

HOW GAY IS YOUR LIBRARY?

Pamphlet of tips for non-librarians on how to get gay materials into libraries, available from the Gay Task Force of the American Library Association. "Censored, Ignored, Overlooked, Too Expensive? How to Get Gay Materials into Libraries" explains library selection policies in a general way, and tells how you can get a library to buy more gay books & periodicals. Also tells what to do if library refuses your request; why gay bks are sometimes kept where you have to ask for them; & how to donate materials to the library. \$1 to Barbara Gittings — GTF, P.O. Box 2383, Phila., PA 19103. Bkstore & bulk order discount available. More info: Barbara Gittings (215) 382-3222. (c)

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Calendar

weekly events

sunday

Boston, MA — Boston Alliance of Gay and Lesbian Youth (BAGLY) drop-in center for youth 22 end under from 3:30-5pm at Evangelist Church, 35 Bowdoin St (Beacon Hill). Info: 497-8282. Please send all BAGLY mail to GCN, Box 10GY.

Boston, MA — Black and White Men Together of Boston meets at 2pm the second Sunday of the month at 57 E. Springfield St. (So. End). Info: Richard 247-3043 or Tom 536-3392.

Cambridge, MA — Overeaters Anonymous, lesbian meeting. Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1151 Mass Ave Sun eves 7:30 pm, DOB office.

Framingham, MA — Tricounty Assoc. (Framingham, Millford, Franklin area). Social and support group for gay and lesbian community. Tues Suns. Info: 378-4323 or 473-3529.

Boston, MA — Musically Speaking. Women's programming music, ideas, and announcements. Call Melanie at 494-8810 with events and comments (WMBR, 88.1FM) 1:4pm.

Boston, MA — Gay and Lesbian Physicians of New England. Second Sundays. 2pm. Info: (617) 482-6874 or 247-5485.

Keene, NH — Potlucks and other fun get-togethers for lesbians. First Suns (2pm) and third Tues or Wed (6pm). Info: Keene Klon dykes, Box 261, Gilsum NH 03448.

Concord, NH — Concord Area gay Youth, support group for youth 16-22, rap session and social time. Carpool & counseling available. Info: Scott or Joe 224-6931.

Action, MA — Central Middlesex Social Club meets at 7:30pm. Info: Carlton 486-8177. All are invited.

Orono, ME — Wilde Stein Club. Social/support group for lesbians and gay men. Informal, friendly and open meetings Peabody Lounge, 3rd fl., Memorial Union, UMO 7pm.

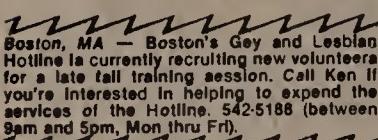
Orleans, MA — Shoreline, a social group alternative to the bars on Cape Cod, meets second Sundays. Info: Box 1614, Orleans, MA 02653.

Northern VUNH League of Gays (LOGS) meets third Sun. Info: (802) 626-3618 or write: Box 703, St. Johnsbury, VT 05819.

Central VT — Central Vermont Gay Men (CVGM) meets first Sun. of the month for socializing, business and a meal. Info: Box 42, Barre, 05641.

Boston, MA — Boston's Other Voice. (WROR, FM 98.5) 11:30pm.

coming events


Boston, MA — Boston's Gay and Lesbian Hotline is currently recruiting new volunteers for a late fall training session. Call Ken if you're interested in helping to expand the services of the Hotline. 542-5188 (between 9am and 5pm, Mon thru Fri).

Cambridge, MA — "A patchwork of our lives: Women's stories in words and fabrics," features Cambridge women's quilts and their stories, thru Oct 31 at the Gallery 57, at 57 Inman St. Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 9-8. Also showings of "Let life be yours: Voices of Cambridge working women," a slide tape presentation featuring the stories of 26 older Cambridge working women, every Tues eve at 7pm.

Boston, MA — Cauldron Theater Lobby Gallery: Ruth West exhibits original tarot card designs in a cut paper technique. Oct 18 thru Dec 1 at the Cauldron Experimental Theater, 22 Randolph St. (near Dover T stop, off Harrison). On view during performances and by appointment. Opening reception Sun Oct 17. Info: 542-8575.

monday

Portsmouth, NH — Seacoast Gay Men. 7pm. Info P O Box 1394, Portsmouth 03801.

Nashua, NH — Nashua Area Gays meet 8pm Info Tony 888-7933, or write Nashua Area Gays, Box 3472, Nashua 03061

tuesday

Battleboro, VT — Southern Vermont Lesbian and Gay Men's Coalition meets on the second Tuesday of the month at the Common Ground Restaurant, 25 Elliot St. 7:30pm.

Cambridge, MA — Daughters of Bilitis. Discussion and social group. Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1151 Mass. Ave. (Harv. Sq.) 8pm Tuesdays and Thursdays. Info: 661-3633

Pittsfield, MA — Berkshire County Gay Coalition meets 2nd and 4th Tues. Info: (413) 497-7772

Hartford, CT — Greater Hartford Lesbian and Gay Task Force meets at Hill Ctr., 350 Farmington Ave. 7pm (First Tues.) Info: 249-7691.

Manchester, NH — Manchester Men's Group, weekly support group for gay and bisexual men, meets Tuesdays at 7:30pm for coffee and discussion. Info: Joe (603) 224-6931.

New London, CT — New London Gay Men's Forum, support group for gay and bisexual men. Info: 447-0155 (Noon to 7pm).

wednesday

Boston, MA — Fathers in Transition, a group of gay/bi fathers meets Weds for friendship and support. Info: Gay Fathers, c/o GCN Box 6, 22 Bromfield St., Boston 02108, or call Exodus Ctr 266-0612.

Boston, MA — Boston Alliance of Gay and Lesbian Youth (BAGLY). New persons' meeting 6:30pm; general meeting and group discussion 7:30pm. For youth 22 and under. Evangelist Church, 35 Bowdoin St. (Beacon Hill) Info: 497-8282.

Boston, MA — Walk-in VD screening and treatment for and by gay men. 6:30-8pm. Fenway Community Health Center, 16 Haviland St. (near Auditorium stop) 267-7573.

Nashua, NH — Greater Nashua Area of NH Lambda sponsors speakers and/or raps on the second Wed and 4th Thurs of each month. 7pm. Business meetings on first Sat 5pm. Info: (603) 889-1416

Bridgewater, MA — South Shore Gay and Lesbian Alliance meets Weds. Info

Hartford, CT — Lesbian AA meeting. Hill Ctr., 350 Farmington Ave 8pm. Info: (203) 232-9737 or 742-8203

oct 12 tues

Salem, MA — North Shore Gay and Lesbian Alliance will sponsor a discussion on "Coming out." All are welcome. 7:30pm. Grace Episcopal Church, 385 Essex.

13 wed

Boston, MA — Sometimes GCN needs proofreading help on both Wed. and Thurs. If you can help either day please call 426-4469. Thanks.

14 thurs

Boston, MA — GCN proofreading. Call 426-4488 if you'd like to help. See next week's news this week!!

Boston, MA — "Coming Home," a support group for gay men and lesbians with life threatening illnesses, will meet at Old West Church, 131 Cambridge St. (Gov't Center). 7:30pm.

15 fri

Cambridge, MA — Am Tikkva Sabbath and Conversion Service followed by Yiddishkeit Party. 8pm. 312 Memorial Dr. Info: 254-0907 or 782-8894.

Boston, MA — Boston Gay Men's Chorus meets every Wed. 6:45-9pm. Community Music Ceter, 48 Warren Ave (So. End). Info: 625-3247

Cambridge, MA — Lesbian "coming out" group, new weekly open rap group, is now meeting at Cambridge Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. (Central Sq) 8-10pm. Info: 354-8887

Cambridge, MA — Daughters of Bilitis. 35+ women's discussion and social group. Old Cambridge Baptist Church, 1151 Mass. Ave. 8pm. Second Wed. and last Fri. of each month

Hyannis, MA — Lesbian Support Group meets first Wed. of every month. 7:30pm. New members welcome. Orientation, social meetings. Warren Women's Center, 298 Main St. Info: 771-6739

Boston, MA — Lesbian and Gay Media Advocates (LAGMA) meeting 7:30-9:30pm. New members welcome. Help make the media more responsive to our needs. Info: 542-5679.

Augusta, ME — Gay/Lesbian AA (Alcoholics Anonymous) meeting. All Souls Unitarian Church, 11 King St. 8pm. Open to all.

Providence, RI — Transvestite/transsexual meetings. 8pm. Info: 272-9247

Hampden County, MA — Social/Support Group for Lesbians 8pm. Info: Debbie 532-5878 or Julie 532-4959

Cambridge, MA — Lesbians with children Support group. 8-10pm. Cambridge Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. 354-8807.

friday

BOSTON, MA — GAY COMMUNITY NEWS (THAT'S US!) ALWAYS NEEDS HELP SENDING OUT THE PAPER ON FRIDAY EVES. COME BY FOR A FEW HOURS TO OUR NEW SPACE AT 167 TREMONT (ON THE COMMON, NEAR BOYLSTON T STOP) ANYTIME AFTER 8 AND LEND A HAND. REFRESHMENTS AND GOOD TIMES! EVERY BODY WELL COME! INFO: 428-4489. THANKS!

Hartford, CT — Your Turt, a weekly drop-in center for lesbian and gay teenagers. 7-9pm on the Hill Center, 350 Farmington Ave. (upstairs). Sponsored by the Coalition of Sexual Minorities.

Pittsfield, MA — Weekly meetings of Lesbians United into Women's Services center, 499-2425

Concord, NH — Concord's Men's Group meets Fridays at 7:30pm for coffee and discussion. 67 Thorndike St. Info: Joe 224-6931

Providence, RI — Rhode Island Gay and Lesbian Youth meets every Sat from 1-5pm for youth 14-21 years of age. Info: MCC 272-9247 or Gay Helpline 751-3322 (eves)

thursday

Boston, MA — Boston Area Lesbian and Gay History Project. 7:30pm. Info: 424-1993.

Somerville, MA — TV/TTS Peer Support Group. Gender Clinic. Info: Martha 666-8280.

Northampton, MA — Pioneer Valley Gay People's Alliance now forming. First and Third Thursdays. Info: (413) 586-5979.

Nashua, NH — Greater Nashua Area Chapter of New Hampshire Lambda sponsors speaker &/or raps on the 2nd Wed. and the 4th Thurs. at 7pm. Business meetings on the 1st Sat. at 5pm. Info: (603) 883-9228.

Cambridge, MA — Lesbian Liberation, an open discussion group. 8-10pm. Women's Center, 46 Pleasant St. Info: 354-8807.

Boston, MA — The Mass Gay Political Caucus meets on the 1st and third Thursdays at 7:30pm 755 Boylston St. Rm. 215. New members welcome. Info: 471-8404

New London, CT — Lesbian and Gay community at Connecticut College weekly meeting. Discussion, planning and outreach 9pm. Fanning Hall Rm 412. Info: 442-7458.

17 sun

Cambridge, MA — Black and White Men Together are sponsoring a presentation of the film "Pink Triangles: a study of homophobia" and a discussion afterwards. Phillips Brooks House, Harvard Yard. 1-5pm. Refreshments.

19 tues

Boston, MA — GCN membership meeting to discuss where we've come and where we should go as a national/local newspaper. (We may also take a collective picture for ad purposes. How could they resist renewing with all your fabulous mugs on the "Don't Stop Now"?) At the new space, 167 Tremont St. (above Dunkin' Donuts and the Louis of Boston wig booteek) near Boylston T stop 8:30pm.

20 wed

Boston, MA — Lunchtime for Lesbians? Isolated during the workday downtown? Interested in a lunchtime hangout/discussion group? Initial meeting today at Noon, at 80 Boylston St. (corner Tremont and Boylston) Rm 855 (Gay and Lesbian Counseling Service offices). Info: 542-5188. (Not a therapy group)

Boston, MA — Candidates Night: focused on gay issues. Sponsored by Boston Lesbian and Gay Political Alliance and Mass Gay Political Caucus. UMass/Park Square at corner of Arlington and Stuart Sts. Rm 222. 7pm.

The deadline for Calendar items is Monday at noon for the following issue.....